

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Public Library,
City of Detroit.

Fifth Series,
Volume LV.

No. 2205.—September 25, 1886.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXX.

CONTENTS.

I. THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL,	<i>Quarterly Review</i> ,	771
II. BALLAIRAI DURG,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> ,	788
III. THE VOICE OF MEMNON,	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> ,	796
IV. THE MESMERIST. By the late Ivan Turgeneff. Conclusion,	<i>Scottish Review</i> ,	806
V. MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE. By Lawrence Oliphant. Part VI.,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	810
VI. ORCHARDS,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	822
VII. THE EGYPTIAN PETROLEUM WELLS,	<i>Economist</i> ,	823

* * Title and Index to Volume CLXX.

POETRY.

A LOVE-LETTER,	770 SUMMER'S EVE,	770
--------------------------	-------------------------------	-----

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & CO.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

A LOVE-LETTER, ETC.

A LOVE-LETTER.

"AND do you think of me
When you and I are far apart,
All day, and every day, my heart,
Wherever you may be?
And do you, with impatient pain,
Count all the days, and all the hours,
Until that time of sun and flowers,
When we shall meet again?"

I lay the letter down —
Ah me! my little childish love,
Life's April skies are blue above
Thy path, and spring flowers crown
The unbound beauties of thine hair;
Life's April daisies kiss thy feet,
Life's April song-birds clear and sweet
Sing round thee everywhere.

All life is new to thee;
Thy childish tasks are scarce set by,
Thy childish tears are hardly dry,
Thy merry laugh rings free;
Love met thee suddenly one day
Among thy toys, he kissed thine eyes,
And in a rush of sweet surprise
The child soul slipped away.

Now love fills all thine heart,
It glorifies life's simple round,
It sets thee, robed, anointed, crowned,
And like a queen, apart,
Above all common blame and praise;
Ah love! God giveth, giving thee,
The grace of vanished years to me,
The joy of bygone days.

Yet change the years have wrought;
I cannot count the days and hours,
Nor play, like thee, with daisy flowers
At "loves me, loves me not;"
My heart and I are past our spring,
Youth's morning prime, all rose and gold,
With pains and pleasures manifold,
Life once, but once, doth bring.

I love thee, little one,
With all the passion of my soul,
Firm as the fixed, unchanging pole,
And fervent as the sun;
But, child, my life is not as thine,
The world must have her share of me,
I cannot sit at ease like thee
Beneath love's spreading vine.

I must be up, and hold
My own in that unceasing strife
Whereby man wins his bread of life,
His share of needful gold;
I have my share to win and keep,
My share and thine, to make a home
For thee and me in years to come,
Ah love! true love lies deep!

I cannot count like thee
The hours and minutes as they fleet,
Nor loiter in the busy street,
As thou beside the sea,
To picture meetings far away;
But I can love a lifetime long,
With love that will be leal and strong,
And green when life is grey.

I do not pause to tell
The minute-beatings of my heart,
In crowded street and busy mart,
Yet know I all is well:
So, like the heart within my breast
Thine image lies, and broods above
Its faithful pulses. Oh! my love,
So sheltered, be at rest!

All The Year Round.

SUMMER'S EVE.

OH, the joy of well-earned leisure,
When the days seem made for pleasure,
And the peaceful hush of Nature all the weary
being fills;
When dear friends go forth together
In the golden August weather,
To the ocean or the moorland, or the everlasting
hills!

Some, whose work hath been with rigor,
Gather strength and joy and vigor,
On the breezy mountain summit, free as birds
that sing and soar;
Others in the mellow gloaming,
Through the harvest-fields are roaming,
Or rejoicing in the ripple of the salt tide on
the shore.

There is merry childish laughter
Where the wavelets, following after
Scatter in a thousand sparkles round the feet
that dance with glee.
There is silence deep and tender
Where, far off, the sundown splendor
Shines an aftermath of glory on the meadows
of the sea.

Sweet to rest, our labor ended,
By such joy and peace attended,
When the summer leans to autumn and the
light is in the west;
All the fever of endeavor
Seems to pass away forever,
And life's many cares and troubles like the
great sea sink to rest.

Leisure Hour.

MARY ROWLES.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

In a field so wide as that of the English novel, sport is spoiled both when too much and too little game is on foot. On every side the scent lies so fresh, that the morning might be wasted in choosing which to pursue. After sketching in bare outline the growth of the English novel out of its ancient, mediæval, and Renaissance elements, we shall restrict ourselves to its development in the eighteenth century, before the Wizard of the North laid his spell on a listening world. "Après lui le déluge." The leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa fell not more thickly than modern novels fall from the press. To those who write for fame, or bread, or both, must now be added those who write from boredom. The world is the novelist's oyster; he has but to open it with his pen.

Nothing is new under the sun, not even the novel. The claim to its modern invention might be retorted by the assertion that Joe Miller himself was born at Athens, and educated at Bagdad by a Scandinavian skald. One enquirer traces the origin of the novel to classic writers, another to the Norseman, a third to the Arabs; a fourth attempts to reconcile the conflicting theories. Prose fiction, if followed to its source through modern novels, ideal romances, mediæval tales of chivalry, and the ballads of ruder ages, will prove to be history told in metre. It is in truth an accommodation of the epic poem to the average capacity of numerous readers. Mediæval and ideal romances passed from fact to fiction; modern novels approximated from fiction to fact. In the eight-

eenth century novels were narrowed by the reaction against ideal romance into the realism of Defoe, then expanded into the real life of Fielding, and finally luxuriated in the imagination of Mrs. Radcliffe. But they still retained the characteristic by which they are distinguished from their romantic predecessors. Modern novels continue to be fictions founded on fact.

Classic Greece and Rome had no novels in the strict sense of the term. Among the ancients, the bard became a dramatist; among the moderns a romancer. The audience of the Greek bard was the concentrated intelligence of a city; the mediæval minstrel addressed the less cultivated inmates of scattered baronial halls. It was once conjectured that slavery and the Oriental separation of the sexes robbed classic communities of the novelist's material. But slavery produced its Dromios, and the subordination of women a Xantippe. The complicated *causes célèbres* which exercised the minds of Roman jurists; the life at fashionable health-resorts like Baiae or Sinuessa; the diary of a physician like Musa; the swarm of Jews, Chaldeans, Greeks, and cutthroats, that fringed the borders of great cities,—offered material enough in rich abundance for social satirists or painters of manners and morals. In the baggage of Roscius, a Roman officer serving in Parthia under Crassus, was found a version of the Milesian tales of Aristides. But, speaking generally, no novelists existed at Athens or at Rome, because there was no demand for that form of composition; the delight of the Greek was in the stage; the diversion of the Roman consisted in spectacular shows.

In another sense it is true that novels, considered as pictures of actual society, are a product of modern civilization. Down to the close of the seventeenth century works of fiction dealt almost exclusively with ideal life; they depended for their interest on the wilful extravagance of their incidents. The real world is the field of the modern novel; the events of which it treats are such as might occur in ordinary experience. Novelists, as distinct from romancers, "hold the mirror up

- * 1. *Robinson Crusoe*. By Daniel Defoe, 1719.
- 2. *Clarissa Harlowe*. By Samuel Richardson, 1749.
- 3. *Tom Jones*. By Henry Fielding, 1749.
- 4. *Roderick Random*. By Tobias Smollett, 1748.
- 5. *Tristram Shandy*. By Lawrence Sterne, 1759-67.
- 6. *The Vicar of Wakefield*. By Oliver Goldsmith, 1766.
- 7. *Evelina*. By Frances Burney, 1778.
- 8. *Castle of Otranto*. By Horace Walpole, 1764.
- 9. *The Old English Baron*. By Clara Reeve, 1777.
- 10. *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. By Ann Radcliffe, 1794.
- 11. *Thaddeus of Warsaw*. By Jane Porter, 1803.
- 12. *Caleb Williams*. By William Godwin, 1794.
- 13. *A Simple Story*. By Elizabeth Inchbald, 1791.

to nature, and show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

The ideal romances which flourished after the Renaissance owed their origin to various sources, but chiefly to mediæval tales of chivalry and the legends of the saints. It would be impossible to trace to their historical origin the "Chansons de Gestes" which Taillefer sang

De Karlemaigne e de Rollant
E d'Oliver e des vassals
Qui morurent en Rencevals.

In these tales facts were overlaid by fiction; tradition buried under imaginative accumulations. Epic undergrowth clustered round parent stems. The legends that gathered about the names of Arthur, Charlemagne, and Amadis of Gaul, are embellished with classic decorations. Magic cups, enchanted rings, bleeding or talking trees, are common to Ovid and Ariosto. As Daphne was turned into a laurel, so Astolfo was transformed into a myrtle; Achilles was the father of the invulnerable Orlando, Circe, the mother of the sorceress Alcina; Perseus bequeathed to Rinaldo the invisible properties of Mambrino's helmet; Pegasus begot the hippocriff, the Centaur the "dreadful Sagittary;" Bucephalus was the sire of Bayard. In his sympathy with the Trojans Shakespeare represented the Latin tradition; by honoring Hector, he honored an ancestor. Mediæval romancers recognized their parent stock. Was not Durindana the very sword which Hector wielded, the king of France descended from Marco-meris the son of Hector, and the lineage of the Frankish nation commemorated in the city of Paris? The older tales of chivalry are long, rambling stories, without unity of design or variety of incident; but they praise knightly virtues of religious zeal, of generosity, bravery, and devotion to women. It is of the later and more degraded versions that Ascham spoke when he said, "Their whole pleasure standeth in open manslaughter and boide bawdrie." Besides aiding the minstrels in the composition of chivalrous tales, the monks put forward tales in which the Devil competed for popularity with the enchanters. In the wild legends of the

saints, which were gathered in collections like the "Legenda Aurea," serfs escaped the monotony of mediæval life. Monastic tales were more popular in hovels than in halls. Magic was always overcome by valor; but the conclusion of a saintly legend was less flattering to the feudal baron. To these two main sources of ideal romances must be added late Greek and Latin fictions, like "Theagenes and Chariclea," or "The Golden Ass;" French *fabliaux* and Italian tales of ingenious gallantry, such as those collected in the "Cento Novelle Antiche" or popularized by Boccaccio; and, lastly, Oriental fiction which not only added an Eastern richness and profusion of coloring to the legends of western Europe, but contributed many of the details and incidents that ultimately became the common property of all romancers and dramatists.

Out of these different elements, as the influence of chivalry declined, were developed the various forms of ideal romances. In the prolific family of ideal fiction must be included pastoral romances like the "Astræa" of D'Urfé; political romances like Fénelon's "Telemachus;" the *gusto picaresco* of Spain, or romances of roguery, which stimulated the imagination of Scarron, Le Sage, and Defoe; comic romances like the masterpieces of Rabelais or Cervantes, which bristle with satirical allusions to the rhodomontade of knight-errantry, or veil under feigned names their derision of the men, manners, and morals of the day. Pantagruel and Dulcinea overthrew the empire of Amadis and Oriana, of Rogero and Bradamant. Later scions of the same stock were the heroic romances of the seventeenth century. In these fictions, royal heroes all generosity, and royal ladies all chastity, maintain their imaginary virtues through endless folios of high-flown sentiment and complicated intrigue. Heroic romance borrowed from late Greek and Latin fictions its incidents and perhaps its amatory tone; from pastoral romance its insipid dialogues and tedious episodes; from tales of chivalry the magical embellishments of dwarfs, enchanters, and giants. From these last it differed mainly in the fact that love, rather

than the spirit of adventure, forms the principal motive, and takes that form of sentimentalism which affects to adore women as goddesses. It stands midway between the mediæval romance and the modern novel, without the vigor of the former or the views of real life and analysis of character that characterize the latter. Heroic romances, like the "Polexandre" of Gomberville, the "Cassandre" and "Cléopâtre" of Calprenède, are of portentous length, crowded with tedious dialogues, inflated compliments, and wearisome digressions. The most famous writer of the heroic school was Mademoiselle de Scudéry, the Sappho of the seventeenth century, round whom, in spite of her ugliness, gathered the wit and beauty of the day to dress dolls, read riddles of gallantry, write madrigals, explore the *pays du tendre*, and discuss the metaphysics of the heart. She published the "Grand Cyrus" in 1635. Artamenes is the assumed name of Cyrus, who makes wars to rescue Mandane. Even men like Major Bellenden, who knew the prowess of Corporal Raddlebanes, found it hard to believe that "Artamines, or what d'ye call him? fought single-handed with a whole battalion." M. Cousin has recovered the lost key to this allegorical work, which contains sketches of contemporary celebrities. Mandane is Madame de Longueville; Cyrus is the great Condé, whose exploits at the siege of Dunkirk and the battles of Lens and Rocroy are commemorated in the siege of Cumæ, the battle of Thybarra, and the campaign against the Messagetae. Calprenède's "Cléopâtre" was published in twelve octavo volumes; Scudéry's "Clélie" in ten octavo volumes of eight hundred pages each. These "ponderous folios," as Scott says in a note to "Old Mortality," "combine the dulness of the metaphysical courtship with all the improbabilities of the ancient romance of chivalry." The society which gathered in the Marais, the Rue de la Beauce, and the Quartier St. Honoré, was composed of the last knight-errants of an antiquated chivalry. They have written their own epitaph in these heroic unreal romances. But to their honor it will be remembered that the early *précieuses*

whom Molière and Boileau satirized, upheld the praise of knightly virtues against the depraved examples of the court of the Louvre.

Hitherto works of fiction told protracted tales of ideal princes and princesses, without any attempt to paint mankind or reproduce the actual conditions of existence. But at the close of the seventeenth century arose a new form of fiction dealing with real life, with man and his ordinary emotions. Heroic and mediæval romances were valued in proportion to their extravagance; all that was common was regarded as commonplace. The time was rapidly approaching when novels would be esteemed for their truth to nature, and falsehood in fiction regarded as intolerable. The first in point of date of realistic novels was the "Princesse de Clèves" of Madame de la Fayette, which was published in 1677. It was followed by the "Gil Blas" of Le Sage, "Manon Lescaut" of the Abbé Prévost, afterwards the translator and expurgator of Richardson; the "Marianne" and unfinished "Paysan Inconnu" of Marivaux. Crébillon's tales are full of allusions to the court of the Regency and of Louis XV. They are profligate and licentious even for the time, and as such are condemned by Smollett. Marivaux, as Voltaire said of him, knew all the bypaths but not the highroad to the human heart. He introduced that over-subtle analysis of emotions which led the same caustic critic to say of him, that he weighed flies' eggs in scales of cobweb. His elaborate style, with its fantastic turns of thought, attracted Gray. It was this, rather than truth to real life, that elicited his famous exclamation, contained in a letter to West, "Mine be it to read eternal new romances by Marivaux and Crébillon."

But though France seemed prepared to meet Gray's demand for novels of real life, England, from the eighteenth century onwards, ceased to depend for fiction on foreign production. England, like other European nations, had her own legends of the saints, her own tales and ballads. But the greater part of her romances of chivalry, whether in metre or in prose, were borrowed from, or founded on,

French and Spanish originals. Milton was a student of all that

resounds

In fable or romance of Uther's son
Begirt with British and Armoric knights,
And all who since, baptized or infidel,
Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.

These legends, with tales imitated or translated from the Italian, were the stock in trade of the wandering bands of minstrels against whom Elizabeth's legislation was directed. Metrical versions of tales of chivalry passed out of fashion in the reign of Henry VIII.; but the prose romances of Arthur and other knightly heroes, collected by Sir Thomas Malory and Lord Berners, held their ground for a longer period. In England of the sixteenth century existed pastoral romances like "Arcadia," political romances such as "Utopia" or "Argenis," and tales like Green's "Pandosto and the Triumph of Time," told in that euphuistic language which more or less corresponded in date or character with Gongorism in Spain, Marinism in Italy, and *l'esprit précieux* in France. Here, as elsewhere on the Continent, the decay of chivalric romance synchronized with the rise of the drama. At a single leap the chasm was traversed which separates barbarous farces, burlesque interludes, monkish mysteries and moralities, from the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, Corneille, and Molière. Occupied in dramatic literature, and distracted by civil war, England had neither leisure nor inclination for the production of heroic romances. Lord Orrery wrote "Parthenissa" in the style of Calprenède; Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Manley, and Mrs. Heywood catered for the prurient tastes of post-Restoration society. But, speaking generally, England borrowed her romances from France. As with novelists, so with painters. Hitherto England had imported from abroad her art as well as her fiction. A Holbein immortalized the reign of Henry VIII.; a Vandyke preserved the melancholy features of the patron of Rubens; Lely and Kneller carried on the foreign traditions into the extremes of frigid mannerism. But from the eighteenth century onwards England produced her own artists and her own writers of fiction. Side by side sprang up a native school of painters and novelists, which included Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Romney,

and Morland, as well as Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith. The modern novel, with its delineations of character, its views of real life, its studies after nature, is reached at last.

Four realistic novelists of genius, two of our greatest painters of lower life, and several of our best writers in middle-class comedy, flourished almost contemporaneously. The coincidence is sufficiently striking to suggest an interesting topic of discussion. But so far as the modern novel is concerned, a remarkable combination of circumstances favored its growth. Civilization was descending, and, as facilities of communication increased, spread from the town to the country; the middle classes, who since the Revolution had become social factors, were eager to hear about themselves; in a peaceful country, where wealth rapidly accumulated, there grew up a miscellaneous reading public; a new mode of expression was required for a changed form of society; prose was most congenial to the taste of the age, and a good prose style had been lately perfected. Ill success in other directions turned the attention of two men of genius to the novel; Fielding and Smollett, like Cervantes and Le Sage, failed as dramatists, before they explored the fresh field which was opened for the display of their powers. As the new weapon was perfected, its width of range became more and more apparent. Life everywhere at every period, human nature in its most varied aspects, fell within its sphere. With extraordinary rapidity novelists annexed field after field; to Defoe's realism of fact was laid Richardson's realism of character; to the rich and varied pictures of real life which Fielding and Smollett painted, were added Sterne's subtle analysis of lighter shades of feeling, and Goldsmith's domestic idylls; by her sketches of society Miss Burney opened out a sphere in which women writers have peculiarly excelled; lastly, the romantic school spread out before the eyes of their readers an ever-widening range of historical fiction and novels of incident or of passion. As painters of the manners, satirists of the follies, or censors of the morals of mankind, novelists usurped the functions of the Addisonian essayist and the Johnsonian moralist. Except during the brilliant reign of Foote, they encroached upon the domain of the drama. More technical skill is required for the stage, while dramatists are excluded from many sources of interest which novelists may employ.

Eighteenth-century realism hastened the disappearance of ideal romances, fostered the growth, and determined the character of contemporary fiction. Nothing was read which was obviously imaginative; the very name of romance died out till the time of Horace Walpole. In one important respect the true province and scope of light literature was better understood by writers of the first half of the century than by their successors. Early novels were playthings, designed for mental recreation; the writers had no moral or social thesis to maintain. In the hands of Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, or Godwin, they became party manifestoes written to inculcate particular views of life or to create sympathy with some special course of action. When once the use of the novel as a polemical weapon was demonstrated, its character was changed. Instead of reflecting the face of nature, novelists looked on the world through tinted glasses. Artistically this use of the novel was a retrogression; but it obviously imparted a powerful stimulus to its growth. Every subsequent social change has tended to render the novel not so much a luxury as a necessity of life. Ascham denounced the follies of the old romances as unworthy the attention of wise or good men. In his boyhood Montaigne knew nothing of the "Lancelot of the Lake," "Huon of Bordeaux," "Amadis of Gaul," or any other of the "worthless books," which, in his maturer age, amused degenerate youth. Major Bellenden would have had "the fellows that write such nonsense brought to the piquet for leasing-making." Though Olivia Primrose confessed to the study of logic from the arguments of Thwackum and Square, and Robinson Crusoe and Friday, it was not the Quakers only who forbade the reading of novels, or Sir Anthony Absolute alone who regarded "a circulating library as an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge." The rural aristocracy discarded works of fiction. In their moments of enforced leisure Gwillim lulled to slumber the Sir Hildebrand Osbaldestones of the day; their wives and daughters were busied among the linen and the preserves. Novel-reading was treated as something between a moral frailty and a waste of time. For many years it was a stolen pleasure, bread eaten in secret. It was not only in the boudoir of Lydia Languish or the hymnal of Thomas Trumbull, that "Peregrine Pickle," or books of looser character, were ambushed behind works of graver import.

Acting on Olivia's hint, writers at first combined instruction with amusement, lured readers on false pretences from the chair to the sofa, offered the didactic powder in the sweetmeat of a love-tale. Such shifts and disguises are now antiquated and unnecessary. A novel is a novel, as a play is a play. Its use in life is recognized. Everybody reads; women have more leisure and fewer occupations than formerly; men cannot always, as was said of Sir Roger de Coverley, have their roast-beef stomachs; exhausted in brain, nerve, and muscle by the struggle for existence, and crowded together in cities, they cannot, if they would, live the outdoor lives of their ancestors. Plays, operas, concerts, require money or an effort. Novels supply the easiest and cheapest form of relaxation.

The modern novel, though not necessarily "a smooth tale," is "generally of love." In the hands of Fielding and Smollett its sphere was not so limited; it presented a more miscellaneous and diversified picture of human life. At the present day the romantic element predominates. Novels deal almost exclusively with the passion of love; the sentimental aspect of life is throughout prominent. Other interests and aims may be used to heighten or diminish the coloring; but the principal object is to narrate the feelings and fortunes of the hero and heroine. With Walter Scott love is not necessarily the chief topic of interest; yet even he is compelled by the taste of his readers to interweave a thread of love-making. Dickens's genius inclined to the wider range which Fielding and Smollett occupied; but his novels are marred by the necessity, fancied or real, which compelled him to hang his disjointed and detached episodes on the thread of a romantic plot. The eighteenth-century novel, in its first stage of development, may be defined as a continuous prose narrative, intentionally fictitious but consistent with nature, designed to develop character by means of a series of incidents in the life of an imaginary hero or heroine. Such a definition does not necessarily exclude the supernatural world, since to most men the domain of the unseen and miraculous is sufficiently real and inexplicable to afford a legitimate field for the novelist of ordinary life. But it excludes Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" or Johnson's "Rasselas," because such works are not primarily biographical, but allegorical or didactic, intended to inculcate religious or moral teaching. It also excludes "Gul-

liver's Travels," because many of its incidents, like those of "Pantagruel" or Bergerac's "Voyage de la Lune," are wholly inconsistent with nature.

The essays in "The Spectator" do not, if taken one with the other, comply with the definition. On the other hand, the biographical portion, which develops the character of Sir Roger de Coverley, is an exquisite study of real life which, but for its form, ranks not only as the first, but as one of the greatest, of modern English novels. It gives a fresh and charming picture of old English manners with sufficient story to impress it on the mind of the reader. No characters of eighteenth-century fiction are better known than its *dramatis personæ*. It is the direct ancestor of "Bracebridge Hall," which, as a triumphant specimen of humorous portraiture, falls but little below the masterpiece of Steele and Addison. It is the work of a spectator from the banks of the Hudson. Though the family likeness is sufficiently apparent, Washington Irving displays the independence of genius. Master Simon, who acts as equerry to the squire's hobby-horses, is no copy of Will Wimble. Most of the works of fiction which appeared subsequently to "The Spectator," were powerfully, though less directly, influenced by its keen and genial humor, its manly moral feeling, its indescribable art of mingling grave and gay, the pensive with the whimsical. Yet it cannot be legitimately classed among modern novels.

Daniel Defoe is the first of modern novelists, or, to speak more correctly, he is the connecting link between the ideal romance and the novel of real life. He was fifty-eight when he wrote "Robinson Crusoe." As Richardson all his life wrote letters, so "unabashed Defoe" throughout his career practised the art to which his novel owed its success. Realism was demanded by the age and was congenial to the character of the writer; an appearance of veracity was necessary to remove the prejudice to works of imagination. Taste had swung completely round in the violence of its recoil from heroic romance. Instead of choosing princes and princesses for heroes and heroines, Defoe, in his secondary novels, seeks his characters among the dregs of the population. He writes without fire or poetry; makes little or no effort to analyze or develop character; rarely appeals to passion; creates no plot which his actors work out, and which by its evolution displays their motives and feel-

ings. His greatest novel combines intense originality with the existence of commonplace. His power lies in producing illusion, in giving an air of authenticity to fictitious narration. The effect is produced by the frankness with which he takes the reader into his apparent confidence, the accuracy and superfluity of his details, his judicious silences, and the seeming carelessness with which he drops his unimportant stitches. Infinite pains are taken to divert the attention of the reader from the psychological and moral impossibilities of his stories, the mind of Robinson Crusoe or of the man Friday. A literary opportunist as well as a literary trader, he took a business-like view of his art. All his best compositions are *pièces de circonstance* based on recent or contemporary events. The "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and the "Journal of the Plague Year" were suggested by facts which fell almost within his own recollection, and which were fresh in the memory of the public. "Robinson Crusoe" was, of course, founded on the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, who was rescued from the island of Juan Fernandez in 1709. Defoe's talent is that of circumstantial invention. In his own limited field he is unsurpassed; but the true novel could not thrive in soil which was barren of sentiment or of character. It was necessary to destroy before it was possible to build. In his object, and in his choice and treatment of subjects, Defoe stands in the baldest contrast to the writers of the heroic romance. The fantastic fabric of the old ideal tales of chivalry and sentiment was levelled to the ground; the foundations of the new construction were laid in the barest possible realism.

The first great group of English novelists includes Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne. "Pamela" appeared in 1740, "Joseph Andrews" in 1742, "Roderick Random" in 1748, "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones" in 1749; "Tristram Shandy" was published from 1759 to 1767. Probably no one now reads Richardson; few know much of Smollett or of Sterne; even Fielding finds scanty admirers. These classics of our novel literature belong to those *biblia abiblia*, which Lamb said "no gentleman's library should be without." A coarseness characterizes all four writers, which goes far to explain and justify the neglect with which they are treated by a society that has grown externally decorous. Lamb said that the world of fiction is exempt

from the nuisance of moral laws; experience shows that it cannot always neglect the laws of decency. All four novelists deal with the material side of love; but they do not touch upon it, as did Miss Brontë, with the unconscious purity of a delicate woman. In this respect Fielding, in our opinion, sins least offensively. There is a mawkishness about Richardson's sentiment which would be prurient but for his simplicity, and in Sterne a love of indecency for indecency's sake, the leer of a satyr from behind the vine leaves. Neither of these faults can be laid to the charge of the full-blooded animalism of Fielding and Smollett. It is no adequate defence of the coarseness of "Tom Jones" or "Peregrine Pickle" to urge that the writers are moralists; offences need not be stripped so bare even for the lash. Like the Dutch school, they honestly depict in matter-of-fact style the coarse, boozy figures which moved before their eyes; they do not perversely seek out disagreeable subjects or uncouth models; they are not reticent, but they do not idealize vice or introduce details which are unnecessary to develop their story or their views of life. Their best and only justification is to be found in the facts, that the realistic truth with which they paint was characteristic of the period, that the material of their pictures is the society of their day, and that novels were written mainly for men, and not, as at the present day, *virginibus puerisque*.

Richardson works in the same manner as Defoe, but on different materials. His aim is to give an air of authenticity, not to fictitious incident, but to fictitious character. If Defoe copied his pictures of vagabond life from *Le Sage* or *Scarron*, Richardson has been called the "English Marivaux." Marianne and M. de Climal reappear as Pamela and Mr. B. Past fifty when he wrote "Pamela," he was more impregnated than either of his younger rivals with the atmosphere of the realistic reaction; on the other hand, his boyhood was passed under the influence of the old ideal fiction. Thus in his novels an air of minute reality is curiously blended with the interminable love intrigues of the heroic romance. The language of gallantry remains; but in place of the incidents of combat there is analysis of character; instead of magical embellishments appear the accessories of ordinary life painted in the style of Mieris or Van Ostade. It is said that "Sir Charles Grandison" was originally written in twenty-eight volumes; if so, Calprenède

or Scudéry were brief in comparison with Richardson. A gentleman at heart, Richardson possessed a nature which is almost childish in its simplicity. His *naïveté* carries the reader through scenes that would be repulsive if treated by a man of vulgar sensuality. "Clarissa Harlowe" is one of the marvels of literature. Every one knows that at the age of fifty a plodding, humdrum, methodical printer, the self-satisfied idol of the domestic hearth, proved himself an original genius. Not only did he discover a new world of literature, but he created a new tragic ideal. Prudent Pamela's most enduring monument is Fielding's parody; Sir Charles Grandison is a rose-water hero. Both are in keeping with the age and with the character of their author. But their existence only obscures the problem, how the most prosaic of writers in the prosiest of periods conceived the figure of Clarissa Harlowe. Nothing more commonplace can be imagined than the literary and domestic life of the elderly citizen. Richardson elaborated his story in the early morning in his grot at Hammersmith; in the evening, between tea and supper, he read aloud what he had composed to a critical party of young ladies, who sate round a table flowering muslin, drawing, or making ruffles and borders. The central feature of the story which he has to tell is disgusting; the details are wearisome, and the length portentous. Perhaps at first sight the figure of Clarissa in her pale primrose-colored paduasoy, her flowered apron, her cap of Brussels lace, seems to modern eyes somewhat faded and old-fashioned. Yet, as the labored minute touches throw upon the canvas the picture of the tender, maidenly girl, whose heart had barely begun to unfold with the spring-like warmth of an unacknowledged fancy, before it was numbed, withered, and frozen to death, we slowly recognize that Clarissa is no conventional heroine, but the highest imaginative effort of the eighteenth century.

Richardson's great achievement is that he has painted a true woman. The portrait is none the less valuable because it is drawn with that genuine admiration of his heroine, which female novelists rarely display towards their own sex. In all its surrounding circumstances the feat is not so wonderful as that of Charlotte Brontë, who penetrated and depicted the deep, ironical, inarticulate passion of a man; but it belongs to the same class. In one sense it is even greater. Women, in their more delicate shades of coloring, their re-

tirement from action, and self-effacement in suffering, are more difficult to draw than men. Without a peculiar training and temperament Richardson must inevitably have failed. From his childhood Richardson had been the confidant of women; the silent, bashful boy of thirteen was the writer of the love-letters and the depositary of the love-secrets of the neighborhood. His conception of Lovelace and of Clarissa shows how habituated he was to regard human nature with a feminine eye. The points, on which his descriptions of either sex dwell with most particularity, are those which women naturally select. He has the female delicacy of perception, as well as that interest in small details which prompts him to "tell us *all* about it." His characters fail as the theories of closet philosophers fail. No allowance is made for impulse or passion; his actors are developed with machine-like regularity from well-reasoned principles.

Johnson confessed that to read Richardson for his story would fret a man to suicide. But few persons now read him even for his sentiment. His amplitude of detail is not inartistic; it is a means to an end; it establishes the dominion of fancy. But the broader, more vigorous touch of Fielding is the style of a greater master; the one gives a minute inventory, the other a striking epitome, of nature; a microscope is needed for the pictures of the one; those of the other are best seen at a distance. To impart to fiction the air of reality Defoe told his narrative in the first person, and Richardson adopted the device of letters. The true instinct of genius led Fielding to discard both methods. No one supposes a narrative told in the third person to be real; but it is infinitely more dramatic. Autobiographers become either offensive as egotists or uninteresting as secondary characters; except in books for boys, novels told in the first person are novels without a hero. Letters enable each actor to describe his own feelings for himself; but a story told in this form inevitably becomes tedious, disjointed, and crowded with superfluous matter. Both in form and style the novels of Fielding and Smollett approximate to the modern type far more closely than those of Defoe and Richardson.

To Cervantes and Le Sage belongs no inconsiderable share in the rapid development of the English novel. Fielding acknowledged his obligations to the former; Smollett avowedly imitated the latter. Cervantes makes the conduct of his actors follow from their dispositions; his

creations are living illustrations of universal principles. Le Sage, on the other hand, takes men as they are moulded by circumstances, and insists less on their internal dispositions than on the effect of their external conditions. The one is a painter of the manners which result from surrounding circumstances; the other, of the deeper elements of character of which manners are the disguise or expression. Fielding has been often compared to Cervantes, Smollett to Le Sage. Speaking generally, the comparisons are just. In their delineations of character Richardson knows only the principles; Smollett insists on the practical results; Fielding, like Cervantes, knows the principles and observes the results; he not only notes eccentricities, but treats character as a living whole. Richardson draws men only from within, Smollett only from without, Fielding from both. Hence, while Richardson's creations are mechanical and Smollett's typical, Fielding's have the reality of flesh and blood.

Walpole was bored by Richardson; he called for an ounce of civet when jostled by Fielding. In taste and artistic skill Fielding is vastly superior both to Richardson and to Smollett. His grave irony and quiet satire are peculiar to himself. His novels inculcate no philanthropic reforms, no social crotchetts; they are truly classic, distinguished by excellence of composition and power of giving vigorous expression to broad average sentiments. Everything in "Tom Jones" is durable and substantial, as good now as in the day on which it was written. On the other hand, he has none of the sympathy of Richardson, or the rude pathos or sombre power of Smollett. His more subtle and delicate humor does not vie with that of Smollett in farcical breadth and force. Nor, with all his variety of active outdoor scenes, can he equal his northern rival in inexhaustible fertility of comic resource. But he has brought together a richer gallery of distinctly individualized figures. His knowledge of human nature, his wide experience of life, and close observation of men, gave him an accuracy in portraiture which equals that of Hogarth. Yet his characters are not servile copies, but original creations. They pass out of the mint of his mind into general currency, stamped with the superscription of their author. More than any of his contemporaries, he is a painter of essential nature. His women are less successful; they are matter-of-fact, commonplace, healthy young women, with nothing char-

acteristically feminine in their composition. His robust, vigorous imagination was admirably adapted to reproduce the rough outlines of life, but it was too blunt in its sagacity to stoop to small details or the evanescent lights and shades of female character. He has none of the delicacy of Richardson; Sophia Western is a far less subtle study than Clarissa Harlowe. Richardson had in this respect an advantage over him both in training and temperament. "The boyish imagination of Fielding luxuriated, we should suppose, in horses and hounds, and the delights of sport. Till his marriage he formed no conception of the inner mind of women. Richardson, on the other hand, was, as we have seen, peculiarly fitted to portray female character. His idea of the inmost nature of women was a primitive ingredient, an essential element of his mental constitution. He conceived it before his faculties were fully conscious. It was not pieced together from the results of experience, but it was a constituent part of his mind, supplemented, corrected, and enlarged by fifty years' association and experience. Fielding drew from observation, Richardson from intuition. It is the difference between the first and subsequent proofs of an engraving. Richardson's are first impressions; Fielding's pictures were taken when the plate, blunted and worn, was no longer capable of producing delicate lights and shades. Johnson contended that Richardson knew more of human character than Fielding. In abstract knowledge Richardson may have been the greater; but in drawing men as they exist in ordinary life Fielding had no rival near his throne.

In the construction of his plots Fielding was infinitely superior to his contemporaries. Coleridge classed the plot of "Tom Jones" among the three best that were ever constructed. The praise is extravagant; the episode of the "Man of the Hill" is justly condemned as unwarrantable. Yet, with rare exceptions, every detail has a sufficient cause, every incident contributes to the catastrophe and develops character. The adventures form not the groundwork of the story, but, as in real life, the ornament. Compared with Fielding, Smollett is a literary mechanic, a builder, not an architect, rather a joiner than a designer.

Fielding's genius is limited to the commonplace, and restrained by the common sense of the day. His mind is prosaic. He is not sympathetic enough to attempt pathos; he is dull to the more enthusi-

astic side of human nature; scenery exercised no spell over his feelings. But his views of life are healthy and vigorous; his morality sturdy and unaffected. Tom Jones could never have become a Lovelace, in spite of all his faults. He would have worshipped Clarissa Harlowe with a manly devotion which Richardson could not understand. Fielding repudiated the sentimentalism of Richardson as Johnson scorned that of Rousseau. "Joseph Andrews" is a protest against the tendency to subordinate principles to sentiment. Hypocrisy is his detestation; in the excess of his zeal against moral affectations, he is led, if not to excuse, at least to abstain from condemning, the vices of Tom Jones. In his hatred of shams he closely resembles Thackeray. But Thackeray's admiration of "handsome Harry Fielding" was elicited by the hearty, buoyant nature of the man rather than by affinity of genius. Fielding's joyous energy had little in common with the anxious temperament of his nineteenth-century successor.

Smollett's weakness in comparison with Fielding appears in other points besides the delineation of character. Fielding writes a real history, based on fictitious facts; Smollett, like Dickens, strings together a collection of comic episodes. Fielding keeps his characters well in view from the first, and groups them with classic art. Smollett picks up his actors on his travels, and carries them through a medley of adventures and mishaps. His great merits consist in the irresistible force of his broad humor, his endless inventions of burlesque incidents and eccentric characters, his vigor and fertility of resource, the variety of forms of life which he depicts, and the rapidity with which his events succeed one another. The world, as he describes it, resembles the close of a pantomime. No such hurly-burly of horseplay and boisterous roar of laughter could have arisen from any other society except that of the days of George II. Even at that period the accumulation of comic disasters is exaggerated. Like Dickens, Smollett has a keen perception of eccentricities, and disguises autobiography under the form of fiction. About both there is the same tone of vulgarity, the same tendency to lay on their color too thickly, to caricature rather than to paint portraits. Both largely depend for their humor on the comicality of external appearances; both incarnate particular traits and convert them into characters; both individualize

their actors by their oddities. Smollett combines the coarseness of Rubens with that painter's large flowing style and force of coloring. Where he employs his own recollections, he has drawn characters which deserve to be "everlasting possessions." As a picture of a Scotch compatriot, Lismahago, with a remote resemblance to Don Quixote, deserves to stand by the side of Dugald Dalgetty or Richie Monipies; he uses his medical knowledge to draw the admirable sketch of Morgan, the Welsh apothecary; his nautical experience enabled him to paint inimitable, though somewhat caricatured, sailors like Trunnion, Hatchway, Pipes, and Bowling. Between Le Sage and Smollett there are some instructive points of resemblance and of difference. Smollett travelled, like Smelfungus, with a jaundiced eye, and the testiness of a Scotchman; Le Sage carries with him the gaiety of a Frenchman who regards the world as a theatre which offers him diversion. Both paint life, but Smollett is most dependent on his reminiscences. With the exception of Triaquero, Sangrado, and the Marquise de Chaves, Le Sage has few personal allusions, while Smollett's figures are almost all caricatures of living persons. Le Sage's great novel is a comedy; Smollett's a farce. Both are moralists; but Le Sage preaches virtue by laughing at vice, Smollett by painting her in all her naked coarseness.

Fielding and Smollett belong to the same class among novelists. Both are vigorous painters of real life; and both increased the resources of their art. Their broad, effective touches are in strong contrast with Defoe's minute realism of incident, or Richardson's equally minute realisms of character. In humor and style Smollett shares the honors with Fielding. But while Fielding enriched the treasury of the novelist with irony, skilfully constructed plots, accurate and varied delineations of character, Smollett's peculiar contributions are of a less important nature. They are confined to the rude pathos of the death of Trunnion, the sombre power of the robber's cave in "Count Fathom," the employment as a ludicrous effect of bad spelling, and the use of natural description as a background to its human figures.

Sterne is more difficult to classify than any of his predecessors. He applies old methods to modern life. But the special gift with which he enriched the modern novel is the subtle analysis of character, not in its more permanent or strongly

marked outlines, but in the faint and almost imperceptible shadows which play upon its surface. It follows that Sterne resembled Richardson rather than Fielding or Smollett. In the presentation of character his execution is more skilful and less apparently labored than that of Richardson; but, like him, he appeals to the sentiments. He was, however, no imitator of his contemporaries. His mind was stored with reminiscences of Rabelais and the old amatory romances. Acutely sensitive to the lightest impressions, his nature was not retentive of a lasting stamp. No one was so quick to catch, or more dexterous in preserving, the evanescent scent of every passing fancy or transient emotion; but he was incapable of that strong and deep feeling which imparts its own peculiar form to everything by which it is stirred. This combination of a soft, sensitive, shallow nature constitutes his peculiar gift. He represents that simple, elemental impression which events make upon the feelings without the slightest distortion of the intellect or the imagination. "Tristram Shandy" is a pure picture of the natural effect of the affairs of life as they act directly and immediately on the human heart. Sterne makes no attempt to rival Fielding in the construction of a plot. The only unity of "Tristram Shandy" is its continual advertisement of its author's sensitive nature. It is a loosely strung chain of brilliant *morceaux*. Without plan or order, it is best read in selections. As a work of art the "Sentimental Journey" is superior. From the nature of its subject it is less open to the criticism of incoherency. Full of Sterne's rapid observation and brilliant presentation of idyllic scenes, it resembles a series of exquisitely finished pictures on the delicate paste of old Sévres.

Like Smollett, Sterne paints the eccentricities of mankind. It might be urged as a fault against the group of characters in "Tristram Shandy" that, like the original plan of "Pickwick," it forms a "club of oddities," a collection of grotesque persons who could never have existed without the intermixture of more commonplace characters. But, so far as each individual figure is concerned, his skill in using the points which he notices is infinitely more artistic than that of Smollett. In a whimsical method he traces the relation of peculiarities to the universal principles from which they have diverged. He follows his anomalous characters to the border line where they

imperceptibly shade off into common humanity, and shows how accident distorts natural types into abnormal exceptions, how every man is a potential oddity. Mr. Shandy's philosophy is based on a perception of these relations, and of the interference of trivial circumstances with the formation of monstrosities. It is thus that infinitesimal causes govern the world. Had Cleopatra's nose been longer, the destiny of the world had been different. But Sterne characteristically entrusts his view of character to a philosopher who, from a solitary life and antediluvian studies, has converted his theories into paradoxes, which, like a moral astrologer, he has made the basis of an occult science.

Like Smollett again, Sterne derives his best work from his recollections. The quick, knowing boy, who with open eyes and ears haunted the mess-room, picked up a store of comic incident, traits of military character, adventures of garrison life. Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, who confer upon him his title to immortality, are painted from his boyish reminiscences. Though he makes a plaything of his affection, he retained a tender feeling for his father. Everything else about Sterne seems unreal, his indecency, his learning, his eccentricity, his pathos. He has none of the robust and hearty power of Rabelais, but, monkey-like, apes with prurient gestures the constitutional coarseness of his master. He imitates and plagiarizes freely. We bow to old acquaintances on every page. Passages are taken verbally from the "Anatomy of Melancholy," suggestions from Martinus Scriblerus, digressions and philosophical burlesques from Rabelais, the irony of cross purposes and the effective opposition of his principal characters from Cervantes. He entertains his company in the dressing gown and slippers of intimacy, with his grammar in disarray, his constructions slippshod, his sentences down at heel. But this eccentricity of style is assumed, to heighten the effect he wishes to produce. His touches, though bold, are singularly definite; nothing is left general. Thus his pages have the sparkle and the color of bright and lively conversation. He goes out of his way, like Dickens, to seek lachrymose effects, to dwell ostentatiously on the tenderness of his sympathy. Even the death of Lefevre is only used to heighten the impression of Uncle Toby's generosity. His changes are as capricious as those of April; sun, rain, and mud do not alternate more rapidly than do Sterne's laughter, tears, and dirt. He

outrages the sympathy which he has elicited by an indecent gesture; he shoots his scholastic or irrelevant rubbish in a spot which he has a moment before consecrated. He is never unconscious. Like a mannered coquette, he invites the reader to play perpetual hide-and-seek with his meaning.

Et fugit ad salices et se cupit esse videri.

Yet the result of all is a book which is not only unique in its delineation of character, but fascinating from its oddity. Sterne offered the ass at Lyons, not a bundle of hay or a thistle, but a macaroon. So he offers the reading public something it has never tasted either before or since.

One side of social life yet remained untouched. Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, had painted no fireside pictures. In March, 1766, was published "The Vicar of Wakefield." It is a prose idyll, the first domestic novel. It is also the first novel which contains no indecent expression. To critical eyes it appears full of absurdities, inconsistencies, and improbabilities. The maxims seem sententious, the villain a stage ruffian, the incognito of Burchell a theatrical mystery. Yet results only prove the truth of Goldsmith's advertisement, that a book "may be amusing with numerous errors." "The Vicar of Wakefield" is better known than many works of a more perfect character. Few books have furnished so many literary allusions. Full of practical wisdom, cheerful contentment, humorous observation, and without a touch of malice, it has the added charm of the unconscious ease of perfect simplicity. Dr. Primrose is one of those characters which posterity never allows to die. Sir Roger de Coverley, Parson Adams, Uncle Toby, and Dr. Primrose, bear a strong family likeness, though each are distinct and individual, to their ancestor Don Quixote. The humor, at once ludicrous and pathetic, which each of the five creates, arises from the intrusion of rough realities into their imaginary world. In his simplicity and pedantry Doctor Primrose resembles Parson Adams. But Fielding's hero is without the dignity of the vicar. So natural are the whole Primrose family, that had Mr. Shandy lived in that part of Yorkshire, he would have illustrated his theory of names by the instance of Olivia, and we catch ourselves wondering what would have been her fate had the doctor had his way and called her "Grissel." No greater praise can be bestowed upon a book than

Goethe's testimony, that it exercised a soothing influence over his mind at a crisis in his mental history, and inspired him with a new ideal of life and letters.

The great masters whose works we have discussed had their imitators. Of these, Cumberland, Johnstone, and Mackenzie, are the least obscure. Cumberland, though he wrote three novels, is best known as a dramatist, memoir-writer, and the original of Sir Fretful Plagiary. Johnstone belongs to the school of Smollett. He published "Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea," in 1761. The idea is taken from Le Sage's "Diable Boiteux;" Chrysal plays the part of Asmodeus. It is a satire, in the form of a novel, on men of the day. It severely handles Whitefield, exposes the abuses of the army, the navy, and the law, the peculations of politicians, the horrors of the Havannah Expedition, and contains an account of the monks of Medmenham, and caricatured sketches of Wilkes, Dashwood, Kidgell, Martin, Garrick, Henry Fox, Churchill, the Duke of Cumberland, and other celebrities. Mackenzie's contributions to "The Lounger" and "The Mirror" gained him the title of the Addison of the North. As a novelist he resembles Sterne in style. But he also imitates Goldsmith. Sir Thomas Sindall, "the man of the world," who ruins the son and seduces the daughter of the curate, is a second Squire Thornhill. "The Man of Feeling" is Mackenzie's best-known work; it formed part of the illicit library of Lydia Languish. Harley is a bashful, sentimental, sensitive hero, such as Richardson might have painted, and Fielding would have parodied. The novel is a purposely disjointed story, imitating in its disconnected and fragmentary chapters the style of Sterne. The author, who professes to be the editor, explains this incoherency in his preface by the fact, that the curate who was first entrusted with the manuscript had found it "excellent wadding." The anonymous publication of "The Man of Feeling," in 1771, was the occasion of a literary fraud like that which accompanied the appearance of George Eliot in literature.

Miss Burney's novels are valuable as pictures of fashionable society at the close of the eighteenth century. In her day she enjoyed an extraordinary popularity. "Evelina," which was published in 1778, and "Cecilia," which four years later Dr. Johnson sate up half the night to finish, are now unknown. "Evelina," unlike "Cecilia," has no plot; it is a fresh, spon-

taneous story, which displays a considerable power of broad comedy; but the dialogue, with some pointed and lively exceptions, is tedious, the characters insipid, the sentiments artificial, and the contrivances for the introduction of the actors clumsy. Miss Burney has a woman's eye for peculiarities and unconventionalities, though she shows little perception of deeper shades of character; she rather describes single features than faces. She notes manners, not as they represent the sum total of our habits and pursuits, but only as they are displayed by behavior in company. Her conventional standard of propriety is false in its delicacy, and insipid in its conventionality. Her actors, though distinct, are uniform. They preserve their identity through superficial differences. Without real depth of observation Miss Burney inevitably became a mannerist, and copied from herself. Like the famous picture of the Flamborough family in "The Vicar of Wakefield," her types of fashionable frivolity, vulgarity, or family pride, are painted, each holding an orange in the hand. Her lovers are love-making machines, created to sigh, sentimentalize, propose, and disappear. Her powers hardly pass beyond those of mimicry. If she attempts to paint feelings, she exaggerates. She is altogether deficient in that keenness of perception which stimulated Miss Austen or Charlotte Brontë to find in blankness of expression only a starting-point for investigation, a demand for more penetrating observation. Miss Burney's head was turned by her success. Though she was "royally gagged and promoted to fold muslin," light literature sustained no very serious loss. Yet it would be unjust not to bear in mind that to her, after Goldsmith, belongs the credit of raising the moral tone of light literature. Heroic romancers professed to idolize women as goddesses; Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett, treated them as beasts of chase, whom it is the pleasure of civilized man to hunt down; Goldsmith and Miss Burney regarded them from the point of view of family life. Miss Burney's best title to fame is that she led the way for Miss Austen and the long line of female novelists who have excelled in novels of society.

In the violence of their recoil from ideal extravagance, novelists of real life made truth the only province of fiction. Imagination, poetry, passion, were banished. Their excess in turn produced reaction. The romantic school disregarded both truth and probability; they reproduced in

different form the wilful exaggerations of the old ideal romances. Heroic tales had fallen into disrepute; yet even after

The talisman and magic wand were broke, Knights, dwarfs, and genii vanish'd into smoke, it may be doubted whether they entirely lost their influence. Realism was but half-hearted. If heroes no longer clove giants to the chine, they passed in a single year through perils that scarcely environ the lives of twenty ordinary men; with all their permitted license, they remained knights of love who never broke a vow. Though the bounds of possibility were no longer overpassed, probability was frequently transcended. Nor was it only the accumulation of the incidents that betrayed the influence of the proscribed heroic romance. The insipid sentiment of "tender tales" which recounted the fortunes of

The Fair one from the first-born sigh,
When Harry pass'd and gaz'd in passing by,

recalled the protracted gallantries of the older school. The romantic revival is therefore a less remarkable feature than it appears to the casual observer. If the mannerisms of sentimental novelists suggest the portraits of the Flamborough family, the improbabilities of the Minerva Press recall by their incongruities the companion picture of the Primrose group. The wild tales of Horace Walpole, Clara Reeve, Mrs. Radcliffe, Monk Lewis, and Maturin, and the still greater exaggerations of their imitators, revive the extravagances of romantic mythology; banditti and ghosts supplanted the giants and enchanters. Novelists of real life appealed too exclusively to the senses; the new school acted on Cabanis's paradox, "les nerfs, voilà tout l'homme." The disordered period with which the eighteenth century closed, and the introduction of German literature, multiplied the pictures, to quote Crabbe once more, of the chateau —

the western tower decay'd,
The peasants shun it — they are all afraid;
For there was done a deed! Could walls reveal,
Or timber tell it, how the heart would feel!

Yet out of these wild fantastic tales sprang the historical novel of Scott, as well as the novel of passion and incident of Lord Lytton and Charlotte Brontë.

Romantic fiction began, like novels of real life, in a burlesque. "The Castle of Otranto" is a piece of serious trifling which suited the taste of Horace Walpole.

The difference between the two schools is, as it were, epitomized in the contrast between the coarse-grained vigor of Fielding and the affected dilettanteism of the founder of romantic fiction. Architect, antiquary, genealogist, traveller, Walpole had acquired a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge. He retired from prosaic realism to his Gothic castle on Strawberry Hill, where he could "gaze on Gothic toys through Gothic glass." "The Castle of Otranto" was published in 1764, under the pseudonym of W. Marshall, as a translation from the Italian of "Onuphrio Muralto." It is a Gothic "Arabian Nights," which fails to stimulate the latent sense of supernatural awe, half-serious attempt to combine a picture of mediæval life with delineation of character. Walpole's success is limited to the reproduction of the external details of society in the Middle Ages. He does not transform his knights into living men. At the period he describes, a belief in the supernatural was universal; its use as a motive is therefore in itself appropriate enough. But his machinery is, whether from design or accident, injudiciously employed. It is so paraded and obtruded, that all the vagueness and mystery which encourages faith is replaced by an undue familiarity, and at the same time the gigantic sword, helmet, and figure of Alphonso are not only supernatural but unnatural.

Miss Reeve fails where Walpole is most successful. The scene of "The Old English Baron," which appeared in 1777, is laid at the time of the minority of Henry VI. All the details and accessories of mediæval life are wholly false. Lord Lovel's sons apologize to Sir Philip Harclay for continuing their exercises with the hope that they may meet him at dinner; they retire with their tutor, after the cloth is removed, leaving the two gentlemen over their wine. Edmund Twyford is called by a servant in the morning with the intimation that breakfast will be served in an hour. Sir Philip sups on poached eggs and a rasher, and goes to a comfortable bed in the house of his peasant host. It might almost seem that Mr. Jesse Collings ambushed "The Old English Baron" behind the pages of his ledger. On the other hand, Miss Reeve anticipated the reforms which Coleridge and Wordsworth projected in the "Lyrical Ballads." If ghosts are to form part of the romantic machinery, the verge of the possible must not be passed; their conduct and their stature must be that of mortals. She herself adheres strictly to

her own rule; in the treatment of the supernatural "The Old English Baron" is infinitely superior to "The Castle of Otranto."

Neither Walpole nor Miss Reeve possessed a tithe of that infinite resource and exuberant imagination which characterized "The Romance of the Forest," "The Mysteries of Udolpho," and "The Italians," of Mrs. Radcliffe. These novels appeared respectively in 1791, 1793, and 1797. In them the rudeness which had marked previous efforts to arouse superstitious feelings, is replaced by the most consummate art. Mrs. Radcliffe is a mistress of hints, suggestions, minute details, breathless pauses, and the hush of suspense. Every agency that can work up the imagination and intensify the impression is carefully utilized. Her stories are essentially melodramatic; their only appeal is to the senses; the sole passion which she paints is fear; in love she wholly fails. She does not pretend to character. No human portraiture was needed; it is to the excitement of the incidents alone that she trusts. To this limited purpose her materials are skilfully adapted. Her plots, if monotonous, are firmly constructed; her language, though stilted and paraphrastic, occasionally rises to eloquence and poetry. Her landscape-painting is carried to excess, but it is carefully studied as an effect. It serves to attune the mind to the coming event. The atmosphere is charged with appropriate and well-contrasted coloring; the clouds are judiciously dropped; the thunder is always ominous; storms and sunshine are invariably opportune. Scenery in her hands, in fact, becomes a business character. On the other side, the human element is altogether wanting. All that Mrs. Radcliffe requires is that the outlines of her conventional actors should be vigorously drawn, the figures appropriately grouped, the scowl of the monk or the bandit marked with sufficient emphasis. Her villains, with the possible exception of La Motte, are mere stage ruffians. Nothing compensates for such unreal heroines as her Ellenas or her Adelines; it is impossible for the second time to follow their adventures with any degree of interest. Whatever chance her novels possessed of reperusal, she herself destroyed by attempted explanations of her machinery of terror. Her object was to bring her stories within the range of ordinary life, to adapt the magical embellishments of heroic romance to the realism of the modern novel. But such compro-

mises proved an artistic defect. The reader is more irritated to find that the object of his terror is a trick, than to feel his curiosity baffled and unsatisfied.

Mrs. Radcliffe had many imitators. But for the most part they were contented, like Shelley in his boyish novels of "Zastrozzi" or "St. Irvyne," to pile horror upon horror or extravagance upon extravagance. The fat, good-natured Lewis, who patronized Scott, and of whom Byron wrote, —

I would give many a sugar-cane
Monk Lewis were alive again,

published "The Monk" in 1795. With far less originality than Mrs. Radcliffe, he drew largely for his incidents on the horrors of German fiction. Abler than Monk Lewis was Maturin, an Irish popular preacher, novelist, and dramatist. His plots are incoherent, his characters unreal, his incidents improbable. But he has passages of wild eloquence, a power of invention, and a command of turbulent passions which at times approach irregular genius. His best-known work is "Bertram," a play which owed its success to its Satanic character and Byron's patronage. None of his novels reached a second edition. The most powerful is "Montorio," which appeared in 1804, and was "mismayed (*sic*) by the bookseller," as he tells the reader in the preface to one of his later novels, "The Fatal Revenge."

To the keen, observant eye of Miss Austen Mrs. Radcliffe's melodramatic marvels appeared ridiculous. Catherine Morland, the heroine of "Northanger Abbey," is not an early riser, artist, skilled musician, and sonneteer. Consequently she found in the mysterious chest only the lists of linen sent to the wash, and a farrier's bill, beginning "To pouliche chestnut mare," which had belonged to the previous occupant of the room. The weak features of the romantic novels are their neglect of character and the improbability of their incidents. Yet with all their extravagances they added to the resources of their art. They gave to the tone of novelists the eloquence and impressiveness of poetic language; they developed the advantages of natural description; they raised fiction out of the dull circle of realistic pictures of everyday life; they showed that poetic feeling was essential to success in the highest forms of the modern novel.

Romantic fiction contained the germs of historical novels, and of novels of passion and incident which select as their

themes unusual rather than ordinary aspects of life. Before Walter Scott, the historical novel hardly existed. But the mine from which he drew his wealth had been discovered by previous explorers. Walpole and Miss Reeve have been already mentioned. Godwin achieved no success in historical romance. Among Scott's predecessors in the field, Sophia Lee, and Jane and Anna Maria Porter are perhaps the most important. Sophia Lee, sister of Harriet Lee, the author of the "Canterbury Tales," wrote "The Recess" in 1784. In 1793, at the age of thirteen, the younger Miss Porter wrote stories, which were published under the title of "Artless Tales." Except "Barony," all her numerous novels are as completely forgotten as her infantine productions. Jane Porter's "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803) and "Scottish Chiefs" (1810) still hold their own. Thaddeus, a Polish refugee, once the brother-in-arms of Kosciusko, now a teacher of languages, is described by Sophia Egerton as "a soldier by his dress, a man of rank from his manners, an Apollo from his person, and a hero from his prowess." The influence of the extravagant romantic school was still strong. Shelley, after his expulsion from Oxford, took lodgings in Poland Street, where he consoled himself by thinking of Thaddeus of Warsaw. A greater and more enduring distinction belongs to Miss Porter, if Scott was serious when he told her that her writings first suggested to him his own historical novels. He paid a somewhat similar compliment to Miss Edgeworth, and admirers of Lady Morgan have claimed for the "Wild Irish Girl" the parentage of *Die Vernon*.

Scott's predecessors either neglected the appropriate accessories of the period they professed to describe, or crippled their creative energies by slavish adherence to authenticated details. The material of the historical novelist is presented to him in a disjointed form; talent may piece together a mosaic, genius alone can fuse the elements into a harmonious whole. Mere study of detail often leads, like Mrs. Radcliffe's passages — nowhere. The spirit of the combat evaporates in the description of the trappings, till we exclaim with Trim, "Good God! one home-thrust with a bayonet was worth it all." If the novel is crowded with antiquities, it becomes a didactic game; if it gives a bold sketch of facts, it is condemned as history assuming the license of fiction. Historical romance is a field in which none have wholly succeeded. The his-

torical novelist attempts a Herculean task. He has to reproduce to himself a past age so vividly that it becomes the atmosphere of his mental life, and at the same time to throw this unreal self into the characters he creates, that they may live and move as real beings. Scott succeeded better than any other writer in the task. Shakespeare neglects one side of it altogether. He made no attempt to reproduce the manners, customs, or beliefs of past ages. A Greek father determines to send his daughter to a nunnery; Demetrius and Lysander go out to fight a duel; the fairies of the Middle Ages held their revels in classic Greece. Whether the novelist chooses some well-defined epoch, or some conspicuous personage, his treatment is necessarily conventional; he must follow the received view. In other words, he must deepen the colors with which popular imagination has exaggerated the features of the period or the hero. Looking to the superhuman difficulty of the twofold task, the relative success which has been attained, the repeated failures, and the necessary unreality of the presentation, it may be doubted whether, from an artistic point of view, the historical novel is a legitimate branch of fiction. Does "Woodstock" rank with "The Antiquary," "Esmond" with "The Newcomes," or "The Last Days of Pompeii" with "My Novel"?

From the romantic school was developed the novel of incident or passion, in which truth was shown to be stranger than fiction. Partridge saw no merit in a man who behaved on the stage like any one else; he greatly preferred the "robustious perriwig-pated fellow," who threw his arms about like a windmill. In the "storm and stress" period which closed the eighteenth century, a considerable section of society agreed with Partridge. Of this feeling Mrs. Radcliffe had taken advantage in one direction. For the wild extravagances of the Minerva Press were now substituted the no less strange possibilities of real life. The new field of fiction was almost exclusively occupied by writers who sympathized with the doctrines of the French Revolutionists, and were inspired by the prevailing spirit of restlessness and discontent. Novelists like Holcroft, Bage, Godwin, and Mrs. Inchbald, labored by mental problems, moral paradoxes, or harrowing instances of the cruel operation of social laws, to prove that whatever is, is wrong, that sympathy is never at fault, and hard cases cannot be right. It is impossible that

novels written with such a purpose, however interesting as records of a passing phase of thought, can ever become classics of literature. Hermsprong, the hero of Bage's best novel, is a young man, educated without the influence of the nurse or the priest, who enters upon life with reason for his guide. He inflicts his principles of social equality on Lord Grondale, and on Doctor Blick his views of religious liberty. By a marvellous display of presence of mind and courage he saves the life of Lord Grondale's daughter, and eventually proves to be the rightful heir to the Grondale estates and a baronetcy.

Incomparably the greatest of the new school of writers were Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald. "Caleb Williams" is a tale of sombre, dreary power, which stamped its harsh severe features indelibly on the mind of society. "Hic jacet" was the title that critics suggested for a work which they foretold would be the sepulchre of Godwin's literary reputation. Yet "Caleb Williams" probably contributed more than all his other works to save his name from oblivion. The interest is excited by a striking contrast between the workings of the minds of Caleb Williams and Falkland. Godwin wrote the novel when the fire of "Political Justice" burned fiercely within him. Its principal element of success is the morbid skill with which the elements of the human mind are analyzed. It is a novel of crime; but it does not belong to the same class as those works of fiction which merely reproduce a page from the "Newgate Calendar." Like "Eugene Aram," it states a moral problem, and is a close study of the human mind. There is no attempt to attract by the factitious interest of ghastly details. Its faults and its merits are characteristic of the author of "Political Justice." As in "Caleb Williams," so in his political and social theories, Godwin arrived at a conclusion first, and subsequently reasoned back step by step with remorseless logic to the necessary premises. The strength of both lies in the firmness with which he grasps his point, the logical pertinacity and uncompromising precision with which he works out his central idea. The weakness of both consists in his want of experience and disregard of the actual conditions of life. His characters are impersonations of the acute mental guesses of a closet philosopher; their conversations are stiff, unnatural, pompous. "Caleb Williams" is written with a twofold purpose. Godwin's first object is to prove that crime ought

not to be punished by law; like "Les Misérables," the novel preaches the natural capacity of man for self-reformation. His second aim is to show that the law, as administered in England, favors real criminals, if men of rank and influence, to escape justice. Godwin took no pains to familiarize himself with the system he attacked, and throughout betrays his ignorance of legal rules and procedure. "Mandeville," "St. Leon," "Cloudsley," though in style they are perhaps superior to "Caleb Williams," are weaker in substance. In the character of Henrietta in "Mandeville," Godwin drew the portrait of his celebrated wife. Shelley considered her speech to Mandeville the finest that was ever penned, with the possible exception of that of Agathon in the "Symposium" of Plato.

In spite of his cold, passionless temperament, Godwin was the friend of "Perdita" Robinson, Harriet Lee, Mrs. Opie — then Miss Alderson — and Mrs. Inchbald. Mrs. Inchbald was one of the most attractive women of the day. The daughter of a Suffolk farmer, she married an actor, and remained on the stage till her husband's death in 1779. A slight impediment in her speech disqualified her from high success as an actress, and turned her thoughts to literature. A coquette, winning in manner, sprightly in conversation, quick in repartee, an admirable teller of stories, Mrs. Inchbald in society gathered all the men round her chair. "It was vain," said Mrs. Shelley, "for any other woman to attempt to gain attention." Her praise of "The Giaour" delighted Lord Byron more than any other criticism; Miss Edgeworth wished to see her first among living celebrities; her charm fascinated Sheridan and overcame the prejudice of Lamb; Leigh Hunt was at her feet; Peter Pindar wrote verses in praise of "Eliza." From the age of eighteen she was wooed on and off the stage, but no breath of scandal ever tarnished her name. Had John Kemble proposed himself, she probably would have married him. He is the hero of her first novel. Mrs. Butler records that her uncle John once asked the actress, when matrimony was the subject of green-room conversation, "Well, Mrs. Inchbald, would you have had me?" "Dear heart," said the stammering beauty, turning her sweet sunny face up to him, "I'd have jii-jumped at you." With some irregular lapses into scepticism, she lived and died a zealous Roman Catholic.

Mrs. Inchbald wrote two novels, "A

Simple Story" (1791) and "Nature and Art" (1796). "A Simple Story" wears a more modern air than any previously written novel. She curtails the conventional length, and her style is easy and unaffected. There runs through the book the charm of a true woman. Her dramatic experience stood her in good stead; she writes briskly and briefly; her conversations are lively and natural. Dorri forth, the priest, educated like Kemble at Douay, who is released from his vows of celibacy on succeeding to a peerage and marries Miss Milner, impressed himself upon Macaulay's mind as the real type of the Roman Catholic peer. The weak feature of the story is the disappearance of the heroine of the first portion of the novel, and the period of seventeen years which elapses between the two parts of the same story. On the other hand, it is creditable to Mrs. Inchbald's taste that she only devotes a sentence to the circumstances that had soured Dorri forth with life, and inspired him with hatred of his daughter. "Nature and Art" (1796) was written when Mrs. Inchbald was most under the influence of the doctrines of the French Revolutionists. It is a propagandist novel in praise of natural instincts as opposed to artificial character. It recounts the adventures of two boys who come up to London to make their fortunes. Nature makes one a musician; art raises the other into a dean. All real virtue is on the side of the former. The contrasts grow sharper in their respective children. The dean's son becomes a judge. In a very powerful scene he condemns Agnes, the woman he has ruined and betrayed, for the murder of his child. At the time, the novel succeeded by appealing dramatically to the spirit which permeated a large section of society. But as a whole it is inferior to "A Simple Story."

The novels both of Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald are pitched in a higher key than those of their predecessors. They appeal less to sentiment than to passion; they deal with wild scenes of strong emotion; paint dark pictures of sin and remorse, portray life not on its every-day side, but in its romantic aspect. They led the way for Lord Lytton and Charlotte Brontë. The obligations which the former owed both to Godwin and Mrs. Inchbald were considerable. "A Strange Story" resembles in some of its outlines "St. Leon;" Godwin at one time meditated writing a novel on Eugene Aram, and possibly suggested the subject to Lytton, who was an intimate friend of the then aged novel-

ist. If this be so, it is more than a coincidence that the name of the murdered man in "Caleb Williams" is given to Sir James Tyrrel, whose murder on Newmarket Heath is described with such graphic force in "Pelham." The trial and condemnation of Agnes in "Nature and Art" so strikingly resembles the impressive scene in "Paul Clifford," where Brandon condemns his son, that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Lytton owed the suggestion to Mrs. Inchbald.

The growth of the English novel in the eighteenth century epitomizes the characteristics of the period. It follows the change from the prose of its commencement to the poetry of its conclusion. In the realism of Defoe is represented the extreme of its reaction against the enthusiasm of religion, literature, and politics, whether chivalrous or republican. From the fatal effects of that sentimental disease which infected Richardson, England was saved by the sturdy common sense of men like Fielding, and the domestic virtues that are painted by Goldsmith. As the century drew to its close, the pent-up imagination, which here and there had trickled off in Della-Cruscan dilettantism, finally burst its bonds, and flowed into new channels of historical romance, or moral, social, and political idealisms. If in its general outlines the novel represented the age, with still closer fidelity did it reflect its minute details. Life is presented in every aspect; vivid sidelights fall upon manners and morals; from the thieves' quarter to Almacks no class is omitted. Never before was society so dramatically presented; of no previous age do we possess a knowledge at once so detailed and so general; in none exists so rich a gallery of contemporary portraits.

As the century advanced to its close, novels increased in power and in compass. To bare realism of facts were added the minute, concrete, or analytical presentation of character; graces of style, careful construction of plots, humor — whether of the broad, farcical, or subtle kind — pathos both rude and tender, imagination, natural description, the fiery poetry and the glow of passion. Men brought to bear their masculine vigor, women their penetrating observation, upon the elaboration of the novel. Yet the instrument was not perfected. Even the novel of social and real life, on which the best intellects were concentrated, was incomplete. The real life of Fielding was real enough, but it was not the every-day world

of Miss Austen; Sterne's group of oddities had still to be shaded off, as in nature, by more commonplace characters; the mimicry of Miss Burney overlooked the minute details of society by which women discriminate their own sex. New strings remained to be added. The full power of the novel of passion and of incident was undeveloped; the historical novel was untried; polemical romance was yet to be pushed in many and opposite directions.

What an influence for good and evil have novelists become! Keen, sarcastic critics of life, genial partakers of its interests, observant students of its hopes and failures, they have imagined stories that strike a chord which vibrates for a lifetime, painted pictures of life-struggles and their issues which indelibly brand themselves on the memory, or, with an insight that is born of intuition or experience, laid bare the inmost secrets of the human heart. They have formed conceptions so lofty as to be everlasting possessions, and created characters that are compliments to human nature. As the keen scimitar and nervous arm of Saladin accomplished afeat which the giant strength and ponderous blade of Richard could not perform, so novelists have enforced moral lessons more powerful than a wilderness of homilists, and taught effectively by parables where other teaching has produced only slumber.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
BALLAIRAI DURG.

DINNER had been over for about an hour at the mess-house of the little station of Mudnoor in the Deccan, on the night of the fifth of May a good many years ago; and though a few were playing pool in the billiard-room, the greater number of the officers were clustered in the wide verandah, smoking and talking and making merry, for the afternoon had been overpoweringly sultry, and the low dark mess-house, in spite of the swinging punkahs, was close and stuffy as a ship's hold.

Outside it was cooler. A heavy storm was raging on the edge of the ghâts many miles to the west, and though for a while the night wind blew in heavy puffs hot as from the mouth of a furnace, it soon died away, and a cool, refreshing breeze, growing every moment damper and more chill, came stealing in from the west. The orderly officer, clinking in after visiting his guards, put his head through the bil-

liard-room window, and called out to the players, "Come out of that hole, you fellows, and smell the rain!"

"By Jove, how jolly!" cried a number of those gay young warriors, clustering round the window, while the click of the balls ceased, and the dull voice of the marker, "Black lost a life, Green's the player," fell unheeded even on the ears of Green, as with swelling nostrils and open mouths they drank in that most pleasant of all scents, the smell of thirsty ground soaking up the early rain. Soon by the blaze of the frequent lightning the dark line of the coming shower was seen in the distance, and great drops began to patter on the verandah with a sound like hail.

"I say," cried an officer of the Irregular Cavalry, "here's our C. O. coming in, let's go and ask him if he's got any news of pig," — as the commandant of the Irregulars, who happened also to be field-officer of the day, was seen by the flashes cantering down the road which led to the mess-house, with the rain squall pelting close behind him as if in pursuit. In another moment he dismounted, threw the reins of his game little Arab to the syce, unbuckled his heavy sword (cased in the wooden scabbard which kept it sharp and serviceable), and handing it to his orderly came slowly up the steps.

Major Thornhill was a fair specimen of the servants of the old East India Company — just and right honorable masters, who shall say that they were not well served? Standing on the steps, in the long jack boots and dark green tunic of the Irregular Cavalry, crossed by a broad gold pouch-belt, and adorned with two or three faded bits of ribbon on his left breast, and with a red cashmere shawl twisted round his lean flanks, though not a handsome man, he looked every inch a soldier. His subalterns swore by him, and his fierce Moghul troopers, when other regiments mutinied, followed him without wavering against their brethren; and on the dark day, when he at last met the soldier's death which he had often courted, they died in heaps across his body. A quiet, somewhat solitary man, not often moved to conversation or mirth, but, on the rare occasions when he did speak, speaking well and simply, and with a wide experience and knowledge of the country, of the natives, and of human nature; hence his judgment was in great request for the decision of the usual mess-table arguments, which for the most part are begun with dogmatic assertion and met by flat denial — each party in the

quarrel being not unfrequently equally ignorant of the subject in dispute. On such occasion he would give wise counsel in few words; but, if he liked the combatants, he would sometimes illustrate his rulings by stories, which he told simply, but so effectively, that astute subalterns were reported sometimes to devise sham disputes with a view to drawing forth these good stories, for he was a single minded man, without guile, and fell readily into a trap.

"Any news of pig, major?" cried young Gordon, the subaltern who had last spoken. "I hear that you sent Maryanne out to Culmaisa."

"No," replied he, "but I told him to come here for orders after mess." Here the major's orderly, a fine-looking Pathan, although his straight black beard parted in the centre and brushed upwards towards his ears gave him a somewhat cat-like aspect, stepped up to the break of the verandah and saluted.

"Well, Hyat Khan, what is it?" asked the major in Hindooostanee.

"The Huzoor's [literally, the presence] shikari Murriana, sahib, waits the Huzoor's orders."

"Very good, send him here."

The orderly went off, and speedily returned, bringing the redoubtably Murriana, or "Maryanne" as he was generally called by the youth of the station.

Murriana was a Mahratta by caste. Though somewhat past middle age, he still looked full of work; the muscles stood out like whipcord from his lean, half-naked limbs, and his large black eyes glistened bright in the lamplight, as he stood with hands advanced and both palms joined, waiting respectfully for his master's orders.

"Murriana," said the major in Hindooostanee, "you are to go out to Culmaisa to-morrow and try if you can get any news of pig, and a horseman shall go with you, whom you will send back with news."

"Very good, great king [maharaj, a common Hindoo term of respect], I heard just now in the bazaar that the grey boar of Monagul has come down to the Culmaisa jungle; if it is true, the sahibs will have good sport."

"Bravo, Maryanne," cried half-a-dozen voices. "We've been after that old boar for the last three seasons; it will be a great disgrace to you if you don't run him to earth now;" and then some one struck up the well-known Deccan hunting-song of "The boar, the mighty boar," to the old English air of "My love is like a

red red rose," and every one, even the major, joined in the familiar chorus.

The boar, the mighty boar's my theme,
Whate'er the wise may say,
My morning thought, my midnight dream,
My hope throughout the day,
Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next grey boar we see.

Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,
Stout heart, and eagle eye,
Doth he require, who would aspire
To see the wild-boar die,
Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next grey boar we see.

We envy not the rich their wealth,
Nor kings their crowned career,
The saddle is our throne of health,
Our sceptre is the spear;
Nor envy we the warrior's pride,
Deep stained with purple gore,
For our field of fame's the jungle-side
Our for the grim grey boar.

When age hath weakened manhood's powers,
And every nerve unbraced,
The joys of youth shall still be ours,
On mem'ry's tablets traced:
And with the friends whom death hath spared,
When youth's bright course is run,
We'll tell of the dangers we have shared,
And the spears that we have won.

CHORUS.

Then sing the boar, the mighty boar,
Fill high the cup with me,
And here's to all who fear no fall,
And the next grey boar we see.

When the uproar had subsided, Murriana again joined his hands in supplication and said: "If it is permitted to this slave to speak, there are two panthers in a cave in the old fort of Culdurg, close by Calmaisa. Shall I tie up a goat?"

"All right, Murriana," said Major Thornhill; "but I'm glad that you've got over your fear of old forts. No shaitāns [devils] in Culdurg, I hope? Hur hur Mahadeoeh,* eh?"

"Oh," cried Murriana, waving his hands deprecatingly, "the sahib must not say that word. It is not lucky; and this is the very night, so many years ago."

He was evidently shaken by some unpleasant memory, for he trembled visibly, and his dark brown face turned to a ghastly greenish yellow.

"All right, Murriana," said his master kindly. "You have permission to go."

* The Mahratta war-cry.

And Murriana made obeisance, and left the premises.

"What was that about the shaitans and the fort, major?" asked a young officer. "Murriana didn't seem to like it."

"Oh, nothing," replied he. "An old story; Murriana thought he saw a ghost once."

"And did he?"

"I don't know," said he rather shortly, and smoking in quick puffs. "He thought he did."

"I say, Dr. Daly," asked a young infantry officer, winking at the same time to his fellows, addressing the doctor of the Irregulars, a big, raw-boned Irishman, and a terribly hard rider, to whom the major did greatly incline, though he "sat upon" him about seven times a week, "do you believe in ghosts?"

"Yes," replied he; "don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

"I never saw one."

"Oh! That's a good reason. Do you believe that there was such a person as Julius Cæsar?"

"Julius Cæsar be blowed!"

"With all my heart; but do you believe in him?"

"Of course."

"But you never saw him."

"What's that got to say to it? It's only uncivilized races who believe in ghosts; Mahrattas and Tipperary men, and such like. Now I'll bet you two to one the major doesn't believe in them. Do you, major?"

"You're too fond of betting, Gordon. I'm not sure that I don't. I'll tell you a story" (and the two conspirators exchanged a triumphant glance):—

"It's a good many years ago. I was a subaltern in those days, and promotion was even slower than it is now, as you will readily believe when I tell you that there were then ensigns of fifteen years standing. I was quartered in the Mysore country, and had got two months' leave to go on a shikar trip to the western ghâts. Maryanne, as you call him, was my shikari then as now. We marched to Chickmugloor in the Nuggur Division, and then we left the main road and marched to Wastara; there I left my bullock-cart, and hired a gang of fourteen Lambanies (the same wandering caste whom you call Brinjaries here) to carry my little tent and scanty baggage. From thence I struck across the hills through a beautiful wild country for twenty-two

miles to Sultanpet, a village at the foot of the great hill-fort of Ballairai Durg.

"Sultanpet was an insignificant village, inhabited for the most part by Baders, manly, good-natured fellows, as I have always found them in the Mysore country, and excellent sportsmen. There were a few families of Mussulmans, scowling, ill-conditioned brutes, and an opium-sodden scoundrel, who called himself the kiladar [fort-commandant], for the fort of Ballairai Durg had once been an important outpost, in Tippoo's time, and a gaol for State prisoners; and indeed one of my reasons for going there was that a favorite cousin of my grandfather's (who was then alive, though a very old man) had been taken prisoner in General Matthews's ill-fated attack on Nuggur in 1783, and was reported to have died, or been made away with at Ballairai Durg, and my grandfather had asked me to go there and try if I could get any information about his fate.

"Sultanpet lay half-way up the ascent to the Durg, which is an isolated peak, flanked to the northward by frowning cliffs, looking most picturesque in the short May twilight, with the mist-wreaths wrapped round them like a girdle.

"Shortly after sunset I heard the sambre belling in the wooded ravine above me, and the sharp bark of the jungle sheep almost from within a stone's throw of my little tent, which was pitched outside the village; and I could see my Lambanies (who are great lovers of flesh) squatted on their haunches by the edge of the jungle, licking their chops, whilst they pounded some mess in a great wooden mortar.

"That people," said Murriana, who came up smiling to my tent door, "is very happy."

"Why so?"

"Sambre," replied he curtly. "They are pounding curry stuff. They know that the sahib's luck is good."

"Is there good news of game, Murriana?"

"Very good, maharaj."

"What?"

"Listen, maharaj. This side, sambre; that side, jungle sheep. Listen," said he again, his dark eyes glistening as he held up a finger. "That's cheetul [spotted deer]; he's frightened at something. No wonder—did you hear that?—bagh! [tiger], as a long-drawn sound, half-grunt, half-sigh, came up the ravine over which the evening mists were stealing, answered from the opposite hill by a like but hoarser roar. 'Two,' said Murriana, holding up

two fingers. 'Surely the sahib's luck is good.'

"How shall we get up to the top of the Durg, Murriana?"

"Oh, there is a winding path. Didn't the sahib see it as he came up the ghât?"

"Can the coolies bring the things up?"

"Without doubt; but this is a very good place for camp."

"But we shall be nearer to the game above; and if there's any young grass, you know, it will be full of sambre and bison in the early morning."

"It is true word."

"Well?"

"The cooly people won't stay on the top."

"But why?"

"I don't know, maharaj; maybe 'tis too cold."

"Cold, what nonsense! You know that the Lumbanies don't mind cold, nor you. Do you want another blanket? If so, go to the bazaar and buy one."

"Oh, the sahib is always good! I have blankets enough. I'll go wherever the sahib goes."

"Then what's the matter with those confounded coolies?"

"The place is bad, maharaj. There are shaitâns in that fort, they say. They are a foolish folk!"

"Listen, Murriana. We'll go up early, and we'll kill them a couple of sambre, and you go and get hold of the arrack-seller. If that old kiladar wasn't half drunk this evening I'll eat the tent pole. We'll give the Lumbanies and the Baders a feast, and they'll stop with us till all is blue."

"It is a very good word, maharaj," said Murriana, grinning. "I will try."

"Murriana and I started before the false dawn, with two coolies carrying the guns. I left orders with my boy Barabas, an energetic but perhaps not entirely truthful domestic (though a Christian, as may be gathered from his name), to follow with the camp at daybreak. The winding path was steep and breath-compelling, so that I hadn't much attention to spare to the scenery, more especially as I felt that I hadn't had enough sleep after the long march of the day before. Day had nearly broken before we reached the hilltop, for the pointers of the Southern Cross had just gone under; those well-cursed stars, you know them, all of you, on the march, and how the day won't break till they are gone."

"It was a sight to see. I can see it now, through the mists of fifteen long

years, as if it were yesterday. The day hadn't fairly broken, and the valleys were still black as night, but all the mountain-tops had caught a rosy stain, like that of the inside of a shell, a color such as no painter on earth could match. I've seen the sun rise often enough, worse luck! but I've never seen anything like the day-break on those hills. I don't know if any of you chaps have?"

"No, major," said the doctor, "we haven't; but 'twas seen and described long before your time, and by a blind man too. 'Pon me sowl, you're not blind — I wish you were sometimes."

"*Ημος δ' ηριγένεια φάνη ροδοδάκτυλος Ήδη,*" says old Homer; 'When the rosy-fingered morning, daughter of the dawn, appeared.'

"Did he now? It's none of your chaff, is it?"

"No," replied the doctor, "I can't chaff in Greek; I wish I could."

"Ay," said the major, "rosy-fingered, that's just it; touching the hilltops and dropping a little light on them, till peak after peak grows bright, and blushes in the morning. That was what I saw, and then the mist rolled back to the valleys; Kalasa shone out close by; Coodery Mook [the Horse-Face], some seven thousand feet high, to the northward; the Baba Boodens behind me; and in front the sea, dark by the shore, with the plains and jungles of Canara for many miles between, but on the horizon catching a streak of light away from the shadow of the hills.

"Well, I didn't do much that morning. I shot a couple of sambre for the people; there were a good many about on the edges of the ravines, but they were rather shy and wanted stalking. We found fresh tracks of bison, and marked the place for next day, and then I went and viewed the fort. It was all in ruins; but the western curtain was still standing and formed a good shelter from the weather, and there I was minded to pitch my tent.

"The view was wonderful. There was no ditch to the west, indeed the strength of the place lay in the difficulty of the landward approach. The ground in front sloped away like a lawn for half a mile, and then fell sheer, and in all the ravines below the jungle clustered crisp and thick, the tops of the trees only showing to the edge, whilst beyond them, mellowed by the distance, the plains lay simmering in the summer haze, and beyond the plains the great mirror of the glittering sea.

"Hallo! you chaps, you're not smoking.

Well, I agree with you; it's time to turn in."

But here there was a general shout, "No! No! major. Go on, we want to hear about the ghost."

"Ghost!" said he; "I didn't say anything about a ghost. I never saw a ghost in my life, I'm only telling you what happened."

"All right," said the doctor, nudging his neighbor. "He's on. Slip a little more whiskey into his tumbler when he's not looking. That's the stuff."

"Well, all right. I'll go on if you like, though there isn't much to tell. Barabbas and the coolies came up and pitched the tents, and half-a-dozen Baders, with bows and arrows and matchlocks, came with them, keen shikaris all of them, and good trackers. We sent them out for the sambre, which they soon brought up in triumph, and then they dressed them for a royal feast, reserving a portion for the servants and me.

"My khalasi, Ghulām Hoosein,* wouldn't touch his share, as the beasts hadn't been properly halaléed; † but he asked if we were going after bison next day, and said that one of his brethren would come up and show us a sure find, and would come with us to make certain that the last offices were duly performed for the dead. I told him he might come himself and do it if he chose, but that I didn't want any of his brethren, as I didn't like the look of them, at which an evil-looking Mussulman, who was lurking behind the baggage, and whom I had not noticed before, made a gesture of contempt and spat upon the ground. I thought it best to pretend that I had not seen this behavior, though I was greatly minded to kick him.

"The Lumbanies pitched their tents some distance away from the walls, in the direction of the landward gate, and held high revel in the evening after I had served them out a tot of arrack apiece; but the Baders took their meat away, and could not be persuaded to pass the night on the hill. Murriana slept under one of the wing-walls of my little tent, and Barabbas and the khalasi in the cooking-tent close by. The night passed quietly. I slept the deep and soundless sleep of the weary, but Barabbas, I suspect, had a drain at the arrack bottle, and the slave

likewise (pigus Mussulman though he was), for Barabbas was late with my tea, and the slave seemed more stupid than was his wont; but Murriana waked me as usual at four.

"The Lumbanies, when I sent for one of them to carry a spare gun, were not to be found. Their camp was standing, their cooking-pots and scanty baggage were in their places, but not a man was to be seen. Murriana could not say what had become of them. They were all there when we had turned in, as merry as crickets, talking in their peculiar patois, and singing through their noses to the strumming of a sitar. Murriana said he thought he had heard some kind of a row in the night, but he evidently knew no more what had become of them than I.

"Perhaps they wanted more drink, and ran down to the bazaar for it," said I.

"Perhaps," replied he doubtfully, but he seemed thoughtful, and evidently did not agree with me.

"Well, never mind," said I; "we mustn't lose our whole morning looking for those fellows. Pick up the guns, and come on."

"So we started for the ravine where we had found the bison track, and as soon as day broke we were rewarded by the sight of a magnificent solitary bull, feeding on the young grass, not more than two hundred yards away from the edge of the jungle.

"Come on, sahib," said Murriana, "we'll get round that hill, and into the jungle to the lee-side of him, and he'll feed right on to us."

"Good," said I, and off we started. We got to the ravine in about ten minutes, without any trouble, and squatted behind the fallen trunk of a great tree. The path, beaten down through the long grass and marked by bison tracks without number, led past our hiding-place at a distance of about twenty yards, and the great beast was feeding quietly, drawing nearer to us as he fed. I felt rather like a murderer in my ambush; he looked such a grand harmless beast, that I thought it a real shame to kill him just for sport—not that it came into my head for a moment to let him off. It looked, nevertheless, as if I had been reckoning my chickens before they were hatched, for when he had grazed on to within one hundred and twenty yards of us, up went his nose into the air without a moment's warning, and instead of bearing down on us, he went off at a tangent in a smart canter to an-

* The slave of Hoosein, a common Mussulman pre-nomen.

† Made lawful by cutting their throat, and repeating the words "Bismillah el rahyman ul rahim (In the name of God the merciful and gracious).

other ravine some five hundred yards away.

"My pity now quickly turned to rage. I drew a bead, as well as I could at that angle, behind his shoulder, and hit him, for he staggered but didn't stop, and soon reached the shelter of the friendly wood.

"Ah!" said Murriana. "It's that hill people, whose mothers and grandmothers are quite unfit to conduct girls' schools, who are themselves brothers-in-law of quantities of degraded people, whose aunts are never seen in decent society, who are, besides, the children of owls, whose fathers' mouths are full of the stock in trade of sweepers;" and so on, as you can guess for yourselves, while he fairly danced with rage, and shook his fist at some of our poor Lumbanies, who were coming gaily over the hill to windward, little recking of the evil which they had done.

"Come on, Murriana," said I, "let's take up the tracks. Ah! I knew I had hit him; here's blood."

"Oh, those animals have any amount of blood," replied he crossly. "Ah! the Huzoor is right. 'Tis red blood — froth. His life will go! Come on, Ghulām Hoosein. Is your knife sharp?"

"Yes," replied the slave, grinning and feeling its edge with his thumb. "Bismillah!"

We followed the tracks easily through the jungle, the footmarks, large as they were, looking strangely small for so great a beast, with the toes pointed and in contact, like a deer's, and not spreading out like those of a domestic cow. Then we came to a bare, stony hill, where we lost them. The blood-marks had ceased for some little time before. Here the Lumbanies joined us, with a Bader who was said to be a famous tracker, and Murriana, though he eyed them askance, was too good a shikari to make any unnecessary noise.

"He's gone over the hill, no doubt," said I. "Ask the Bader what's at the other side?" But that crafty woodsman pointing to a broken twig some six feet from the ground, in the direction of a little ravine to the right rear of the hill, and saying in Canarese, "The water is there, your wisdom," trotted off confidently in that direction. Well, to make a long story short, we found the poor beast at bay, and I gave him the *coup de grâce*. Ghulām halalled him in the orthodox manner, and as the Lumbanies, being Hindoos, professed themselves unable to

eat beef however savage, I told Ghulām to take as much as he wanted for himself and his brethren, and to bring home the head and marrow-bones for me — for if any of you have never eaten bisons' marrow-bones you have yet to learn to what a height of lusciousness marrow can ascend. I then continued my stalk, and shot three stag sambre and a jungle sheep, so that the village was amply supplied with meat for some days to come.

"When I got back to camp I found Barabbas sober, and breakfast ready, and after a good bathe in a beautiful little mountain stream, I had a quiet smoke, and a read, and then I think I went to sleep.

"Before dinner I had a long stroll over the hills, enjoying the cool air mightily. When I came back it was just dark, and I found Barabbas and Ghulām Hoosein hanging about the tent door, with some dusky figures in the background.

"What does he want, Barabbas?" I asked.

"He says the kiladar is not well in body, sar."

"Sorry to hear it. Tell him to stop making a beast of himself with opium and arrack."

"It is a true word, sar," said Barabbas, grinning.

"He has no appetite, Huzoor," said the khalāsi, coming forward and salaaming. "His health is very bad."

"That's likely enough. He has no appetite, that's the first symptom. Next, he'll see snakes. He'd better look out. But what is it to me whether that great pig has an appetite or not? Or to you, Barabbas?"

"That time master giving him the bison's marrow-bones," replied Barabbas in English, "then he getting well soonly. He too much fonding for the marrow-bones."

"Tell him to go and be —. He can have as much meat as he likes to take away; but I also "too much fonding for marrow-bones." Go, wild beast," to the khalāsi, who was going to speak, "if not, you shall eat blows;" and the slave of Hoosein went off, followed by two or three grumbling and disreputable-looking vagabonds, whom I took to be Mussulmans from the village.

After dinner I sat for a long while smoking in front of my tent. It was a beautiful starlit night and very still, and I confess that the place, with the ruins of the old fort, its crumbling bastions and fallen curtain, looked very lonely, so that

I was not sorry when I saw Murriana coming round to talk to me.

"Well, Murriana," said I to him, "we've come in for a good thing. There's lots of game here, and no mistake."

"Yes," said he slowly, "but the sahib will not stop here. The monsoon will soon be on, and the sahib must go to the Koodee Mook in time. It is a better place than this."

"Why so?"

"This place has a bad name," whispered he, looking round with a sort of shudder.

"Why?" I asked. "By the way, why did those Lumbanies run away last night, and are they going to stop to-night?"

"No," replied he, "they are all gone."

"But why?"

"Shaitāns, maharaj. What can I tell?"

"Shaitāns be blowed. Have you seen them, Murriana?"

"No, maharaj, not here."

"Have you seen them anywhere else?"

"The sahib must not talk so, it is not lucky; and the village people say that in this month, always, year by year, the shaitāns or bootaahs [Canarese for wood-demons] — what can I tell? — come here to this fort."

"And what do they do?"

"They fight, maharaj."

"Fight? All right. Let them fight; I have no objection. And that's why those fools of Lumbanies ran away. Most likely those blackguard Mussulmans have some games up here, and want to frighten the Hindoos away lest they should kill all the beasts at this season."

"They are a bad people, that Mussulman people."

"And that's why the Lumbanies ran away?"

"For that reason."

"Did they see anything?"

"Maharaj," replied he solemnly, "they heard something. The place is not a good place. It will be better to march to the Koodee Mook. The people there are Jains — very good people."

"Nonsense, I'm going to stop here. If you're afraid you'd better go after the Lumbanies."

"As the sahib pleases. I stop where the sahib stops."

"I was rather cross at all this nonsense, and as I was sleepy to boot, I wished Murriana good-night and turned in. I have always been a sound sleeper, thank God, and am still, as some of you know, and this night, what with the cool breeze,

which made the unaccustomed blanket pleasant, and the fatigue of my long stalk, I slept like the dead. About half past two or three o'clock, however, I was awakened by a hand placed on my breast, and by the voice of Murriana whispering in no dubious fright, 'Sahib, wake! Listen — listen!'

"I was drunk with sleep, and rolled over lazily. 'Oh, Murriana, it isn't time yet,' said I. 'Look,' turning to the tent-door, which hung open towards the south. 'See those stars; day won't break till they're set. What do you mean? Go and be hanged!'

"Sahib, sahib, wake, listen! clutching me nervously. 'Listen to that!'

"I sat up and listened, very cross. The night was clear, a mellow, starlit night. I could see the tops of the trees showing up from the ravines and standing out of the white mists of the clouds below. It was very still, save for the monotonous, discordant chuck-chuck-chuck chui-la of a night-jar squatted on the little jungle path.

"For goodness' sake, Murriana," said I, "let me go to sleep. I've heard that bird of Satan often enough. I wish you'd go and be hanged!"

"Listen, listen," said he.

"I listened intently, waked by his earnestness; and then, seemingly from the direction of a ruined outpost some distance away on the edge of the ghāt, I heard faint, thin cries of 'Hur, hur, Mahadeo! Boom! boom!' mingled with sounds like the clashing of steel, and answering shouts of 'Deen! Deen!'"

"Oh, it's only some of those accursed Mussulmans and Mahrattas fighting. Let them fight and be hanged to them; and let me go to sleep!"

"No, sahib, no. There's no Mahratta logue here. Get up, in the name of God! See, see!" as the light from the tent-door was darkened by, as it seemed, a passing cloud, 'it's a sahib! What does he say?' And certainly it seemed to me (dazed as I was by my sudden awakening) that I heard a not unfamiliar voice saying faintly, 'Come, come quick!' So I got up, put on my slippers, picked up my gun and went forth. For a moment I stood awestruck by the beauty of the scene. The stars shone with the brightness almost of the moon, and by their light I could trace the far-away reflection from the sea. The forests and plains of Canara were dark as the grave, and the crumbling walls of the

* "Religion! Religion!" the war-cry of Islam.

fort looked black and sinister. The shouts of 'Deen! Deen!' seemed now in the ascendant, and the Mahratta war-cry had died away; but I was startled by hearing faint cries like those you hear from the wounded or the dying, after the fight is over, from a battlefield far away.

"Come on, Murriana," said I, "let's go and see what all this row is about."

"No, no, sahib," cried he frantically. "Come away, we have no business there. Look! there's the sahib again—he's beckoning to us;" and I looked, but though I could see nothing save a mist-wreath from the swampy ground between us and the near jungle, I fancied—it may have been fancy—that I heard the same voice crying, 'Come, come.' So I went on, following Murriana, though somewhat against my will, drawn as it were, in a manner which I did not quite understand then, nor indeed do I quite understand it now."

"Well?" cried his hearers excitedly.

"Well," replied the major, "that's all. We passed through a little strip of jungle about three hundred yards from the fort into a bit of open, and there Murriana said that his guide vanished. I never saw anything. I asked Murriana what he saw, and he said he saw a sahib.

"What was he like?"

"With respect, he was very like the Huzoor; about the same age and size! If so, judging from my long experience of the looking-glass, he must have been a beauty!"

"Well, but—major—is that all?"

"Very nearly. I had fortunately grabbed my cheroot case in my flight, so I sat down, and after I had comforted Murriana, who was thoroughly frightened (and, mind you, I have often seen him face death, before and since, and never seen him cowed), I had a smoke and a long talk with him about shaitāns, and such creatures; and then as the disturbance at the outpost had long since died away, and the false dawn had begun to glimmer, we went back to the camp."

"And was that all?" cried the disappointed chorus.

"Well, not quite. I thought I should like a cup of tea, and I sent Murriana to wake Barabbas, but he found him and the slave dead drunk, and when we entered the tent and struck a light, I found my little dog, a bull-terrier of which I was very fond, and which I kept chained to the leg of my cot of nights, to save him from prowling cheetahs, stone dead. When I went out, the night being chill

after the plains and he a shivery creature, he had crept under the blanket on my bed, and had been there stabbed to the heart by some miscreant, possibly in mistake for me; anyhow, there were three distinct knife-cuts through blanket and mattress, one of which had gone through poor Toby."

"But who did it?"

"I don't know; possibly some of those blackguard Mussulmans, whose dignity I had wounded. Anyhow, as none of my people would stay, we marched next morning to Kooderee Mook, where we had good sport, undisturbed by man or devil."

Then arose a great strife and a clash of tongues.

"The thing is quite clear," said the doctor oracularly. "Here's a ghost with a motive at last. The spirit of your deceased uncle, major, came to warn you; and, in short, saved your life. By the way, did you find out anything touching his death?"

"No," replied the major doubtfully; "but I'll tell you a curious thing. Next day I got Murriana, though sorely against his will, to come with me to the spot where this shape had vanished. It was a beautiful little open glade, hedged round with thick jungle, and clear of all the outposts of the fort. Over this were scattered a few green mounds, and Murriana said that he thought it was an old burying-place of the Coorumbers, a wild, half-savage tribe, who wander in the jungles of Mysore and Coorg. It was on the edge of this glade, beneath a dooput tree, whose thick-woven leaves make twilight at midday, that he said the thing had vanished; and there we found a moss-grown stone, with what looked like a rude cross traced upon it and something like two Roman letters below, one of which might certainly have passed muster for a T."

"There! didn't I tell you so?" cried the doctor triumphantly. "T for Thornhill. Of course it was your grandfather, or whatever he was!"

"No," said the major quietly, "he was my maternal grandfather's cousin, and his name was Smith."

"Got you there," cried Gordon. "I should like to know how your Irish ingenuity will wriggle out of that, doctor!"

"I was about to add, when you interrupted me," said the major drily, "that it was the first letter of the two which looked like a T, and my relative's Christian name was Thomas."

"Then you believe it was his ghost?"

"I don't say that it was, and I don't say

that it wasn't. I am content to say of many things, 'I don't know.' It's only you young fellows who are cock sure of everything."

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE VOICE OF MEMNON.*

LONG before the dahabeah enters upon the great sweep of river that skirts the pylons of Karnak, the traveller has strained his eye to discover whatever traces may be visible of the once mighty city, the metropolis of an empire, and the mausoleum of its kings — Egyptian Thebes. How much or how little will be remaining of the hundred temple towers, the shrines and statues and obelisks without number, the avenues of sphinxes, the princely palaces and fortresses, the sculptured courts and colonnades? On the eastern bank the ruins of Karnak stand up in solid and monumental grandeur; but on the western the eye wanders over the level expanse that stretches to the foot of the hills, without at first encountering more than a few confused heaps or mounds, scarcely distinguishable from the sand which surrounds them. Presently, however, our gaze is arrested by two dark objects, situated at a greater distance from the river than the ruins already observed, and differing from them both in appearance and elevation. They seem to rise up like twin martellos or watch-towers from the desert, and to stand apart in melancholy solitude. The spectacle is strange and puzzling, and for a moment our imagination is at a loss for a key. Suddenly it flashes upon us that the two mysterious objects which have excited our astonishment are none other than the famed colossi of Thebes — the vocal Memnon and his mute companion.

A walk of a little over a mile from the river bank brings us to the base of the statues. As we approach them through the allotments of clover and maize, they loom up higher and higher, until, as we stand at their feet, their stupendous shapes almost exclude the sky. Placed on the very fringe of the cultivated soil, where the furthest Nile deposit is cut short

by the first wave of sand, they stand between the dead and the living, and seem like two grim sentinels stationed to guard the entrance to the desert behind. At other times, when the inundations are abroad and the surrounding country is turned into a sea, they tower with an even greater solemnity above the waters. The Nile stretches in an unbroken level from its own channel till it washes their pedestals and laves their massive feet. How vividly do we realize the prophet's description of "populous No, that was situated among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea, and her wall was from the sea"!* It is under these conditions and at sunset that the pair should be seen. Then, as the glowing disc sinks behind the hills that inclose the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings and the dwindling radiance of the heavens is repeated in the mirror of the flood, they brood like huge black spectres over the darkening scene. Blacker and huger each moment they become, their monstrous shadows thrown forward upon the lake, till at length even the afterglow has faded, and, still as death themselves, they fitly preside over the deadly stillness of the southern night.

A closer inspection enhances rather than detracts from the majesty of the images. They are planted fifty-four feet apart, and face towards the south-south east. Each represents a colossal male figure seated upon a throne, which is itself supported by a pedestal. Though the faces of both have been hacked out of human resemblance, yet the shapeless blocks of stone seem endowed with an indefinable sentience, as if, though bereft even of the similitude of human features, their sight could pierce the endless vistas of space and time. The arms are attached to the sides and recline upon the stalwart thighs; the hands, with fingers outstretched and turned slightly inwards, are placidly disposed upon the knees; the legs, like two mighty columns, rest against the throne and lift up the lap of the colossus to the sky. The whole attitude is that of a giant who has sat himself down to take his repose after the fatigues and turmoil of successful war. The height of the figures is fifty-one feet without, and sixty-four feet with, the pedestal; but of the latter six feet are now buried beneath the accumulations left by the Nile. Before these had been formed, and when the pedestals were

* *Œuvres choisies de A. J. Letronne.* Edites par E. FAGNAN. Vol. ii. Paris: 1831.

2. *Modern Egypt and Thebes.* By Sir GARDNER WILKINSON. 2 vols. London: 1843.

3. *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum.* Edidit AUG. BOECKH. Vol. iii. Berlin: 1853.

4. *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum.* Edidit THEOD. MOMMSEN. Vol. iii., pars 1. Berlin: 1863.

* Nahum iii. 8.

bare to their foundations, when, further, each head was framed in the full spreading wig of the Egyptian Pharaohs, and when the faces and bodies were intact, the impression produced must have been such as could be felt rather than described.

Every one knows that these statues are effigies of the same king — Amunoph, or Amenhotep, or Amenophis III., one of the most famous sovereigns and conquerors of the eighteenth dynasty, who reigned at Thebes about 1500 B. C. The cartouches on the backs of both figures contain his name. Known, too, is the name of the architect — the same as that of the royal master who delighted to do him honor — Amenhotep, son of Hapu, whose own statue, richly adorned with inscriptions, is in the Boulak collection at Cairo. Thereon we read : —

For my lord the King was created the monument of sandstone. Thus did I according to that which seemed best in my own eyes, causing to be made two images of a noble hard stone in his likeness in this his great building, which is like unto heaven. . . . After this manner made I perfect the King's images, wonderful for their breadth, lofty in their height, the stature whereof made the gate-tower to look small. Forty cubits was their measure.* In the glorious sandstone mountain wrought I them, on this side and on that, on the east side and on the west. Furthermore, I caused to be built eight ships, whereon they were carried up and set in his lofty building. It will last as long as the heaven endureth.

From this interesting record we gather that the material of the colossi was derived from quarries lower down the Nile, probably from those in the hills of Toora above Cairo, that they were towed or floated up the river on great barges, and were then erected before the outermost pylons of the magnificent temple which Amunoph III., in addition to his works at Luxor and Karnak, was building as a memorial of himself in the western quarter of Thebes. The famous sculpture of

* Taking the cubit to be the ordinary cubit of eighteen and a quarter inches, this corresponds fairly well with the actual height given above. Others, reckoning by the royal cubit of twenty and two-thirds inches, have made the original height sixty-nine feet, and accounted for the difference by supposing that the heads were once surmounted with the phœnix or duplicate crowns of Upper and Lower Egypt, so frequent a feature in colossal representations of the Pharaohs. It is probable, however, that these figures were without the phœnix, both because no trace of it is observable upon the head of the southern or unprepared colossus, and because there were found in the immediate vicinity, and are now to be seen in the British Museum, two statues in black granite of the same Amunoph — precise facsimiles on a smaller scale of the colossi — both of which are wigged but uncrowned.

the colossus on a sledge in the grotto of Ed-Dayr (so happily adapted by Mr. Poynter, R. A., to the subject of one of his best-known pictures) will give us some idea of the arduous passage of these mighty blocks, estimated as weighing twelve hundred tons apiece, from the river bank to their final resting-place before the royal temple.

The most superficial observation discloses several points of difference between the pair. The southernmost colossus is a monolith, and has evidently suffered less from the hand of the destroyer than its companion, though its face and breast are mutilated beyond all recognition. The more northern statue resembles the other from the ground up to its waist, being composed of the same dark breccia or composite stone; but its upper parts consist of five tiers of a lighter sandstone, roughly hewn, and built up one on the top of the other, in rude semblance of arms and chest and head. The thrones and pedestals of both are adorned with deeply incised figures and hieroglyphics; but the feet of the northernmost are covered with a network of inscriptions in Greek and Latin, extending over the instep and reaching half-way up the leg. This latter is the celebrated vocal Memnon. Its history and interpretation are the problems which we now propose to discuss.

The first question to settle is: When did the mutilation of the one and the shattering of the other (thus necessitating its repair with a different material) take place, and to what agencies are they to be ascribed? Writers have commonly devoted their entire attention to the vicissitudes of the Memnon, without turning a thought to the damage inflicted on the Amunoph. But the two cases must be considered together, and may be found to throw a reciprocal light upon each other; for though a catastrophe arising from natural causes might have overtaken the one while sparing the other, yet the hand of a human destroyer would not be likely to have purposely exercised a similar discrimination.

Of the authorities on the subject to whom weight must be attached, Strabo, who visited Thebes about 20 B.C., and found the northernmost statue in ruins, the upper half having been hurled to the ground, says that the people of the district attributed the downfall to an earthquake.* Pausanias, on the other hand,

* Strabo, Geog. xvii. 816.

travelling in Egypt one hundred and fifty years later, mentions a local report that the statue, clearly not yet repaired, was one which Cambyses had shivered* — a belief which is countenanced by several of the inscriptions upon its feet.† The researches of M. Létronne, whose industry has poured a flood of light upon the entire subject, have shown that an earthquake did take place in Egypt in 27 B.C. shortly before Strabo's visit, and that it wrought terrible havoc among the edifices of Thebes. It has accordingly been accepted — and the conclusion is one which it is impossible to resist — that the destruction of the Memnon occurred at that time and from those causes. Hence has ensued the rejection of the idea that Cambyses had any hand in the work of demolition, which has been set down as the indolent fabrication of a later age. But here the experience of the fellow colossus may well be invoked. In its case the mutilation is obvious, but only partial, and is such as could not conceivably have been effected by a convulsion of nature or by the mere lapse of time. May we not therefore reconcile the two explanations, and believe (1) that Cambyses, the great iconoclast, the assassin of the sacred bull, the defiler of temples and tombs, spent his frantic but feeble rage upon these as upon other images, hacking at their features and fronts, and perhaps, by so doing, weakening the stability of the Memnon; but (2) that the latter owed the ruin of its upper half to the earthquake of 27 B.C.? In this way we account for both phenomena — viz., the intentional mutilation of the Amunoph and the undesigned overthrow of the Memnon.

But how, it may be asked, did it come about that the name Memnon was ever applied to the northern statue? The utmost ingenuity has been expended upon the solution of this problem. Each school has been struck by the remarkable confirmation afforded of its own pet hypothesis. Those who explain all mythology by the simple key of the solar myth — an intrepid and romantic band — have fastened with avidity upon the evidence of sun worship at Thebes and other places where the name of Memnon is found, and have seen in the reputed image of the son of Eos an effigy of the sun god himself. Others have supposed that the speaking statue was called Memnon from the prophetic qualities attributed in Ori-

ental mythology to the head of that hero. The foolish suggestion has even been made that the name was given because the sounds heard resembled the syllables *mem-non*. A more defensible theory is that Memnon, whom most classical writers connect with Ethiopia, is a figure that might not unnaturally be found in the Egyptian pantheon; and to this idea the title *Memnonium*, commonly given to the western quarter of Thebes and to the temples of Abydos, lower down the river, has been supposed to lend support.

In reality, however, Memnon had probably nothing to do with Egypt at all. From a comparison of the various authorities by whom the legend is mentioned, Memnon, if he ever existed, must have been an Asiatic prince, who came from Susa, and led a force of Asiatic Ethiopians to the relief of Troy, where he was slain, according to most accounts, by Achilles. How, then, are we to account for the presence of the name in more than one place in Egypt, and for the popular tradition which associated him with that country?

No evidence exists that any such connection was suspected till the later period of the Greek settlement in Egypt, when it appears in the Greek papyri of Thebes, and in the pages of Strabo and Diodorus Siculus. There can be little doubt, therefore, that it owed its origin to the omnivorous credulity of the Greek immigrants. Eager to find wherever they went a confirmation of the Homeric legend, they fell easy victims to the fictitious identification of famous names. Sir Gardner Wilkinson has pointed out that Miamun was a title of Rameses II., whose great palace-temple at Thebes, now usually called the Rameseum, is probably the Memnonium of Strabo, and whose other temple at Abydos is called Memnonium by the same writer. The name *Mennu* appears also in the Egyptian vocabulary applied to the memorial temples erected by the kings in the Necropolis of Thebes. Miamun or *Mennu* might easily be converted into Memnon, and we should thus account for the name both at Thebes and Abydos. It would be transferred with equal plausibility to the statue of Amunoph, and with even greater force if the latter had already developed its vocal powers. For not only would Amenophis find an obvious Hellenic equivalent in Memnon, but the image speaking at sunrise would irresistibly suggest the lamented hero plaintively addressing his mother, the dawn.

* Pausanias, Attica, i. 42-3.

† Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum, 4730, 4741, 4745, 4749, 4750.

We may therefore conclude that the title of Memnon had in this case no more abstruse origin than an accidental similarity of names, greedily snatched at by Hellenic pilgrims and enhanced by the supposed corroboration of a popular mythology supplied by the vocal portent. That the delusion was not shared by the natives is expressly stated by Pausanias, who says that the Thebans would not admit that the statue was of Memnon, but ascribed it (as we have seen, with perfect justice) to one of their own countrymen, Phamenoph. Two Greek inscriptions upon the left leg repeat the same conviction.*

And now as to the vocal powers so mysteriously acquired by the northern colossus, and which made it one of the wonders of the ancient world. Already we have seen that this statue, having probably suffered injury at the hands of Cambyses, was almost certainly overthrown, the lower part alone being left standing, by an earthquake in 27 B.C. There is no mention of any sounds before the latter year.† It is a significant fact that Strabo, the first recorded visitor after the earthquake, is also the first who relates the phenomenon. He says that a noise as of a slight blow was believed to issue at sunrise from the upright portion of the figure. He heard it himself, but, he adds, was unable to say whether it proceeded from the colossus or from the pedestal, or from the people standing round, though he was in the last degree unwilling to believe that such a sound could possibly emanate from the stone.

From this time forward a consistent series of witnesses testify to the continuance of the miracle. Tacitus tells us that Germanicus, who visited Egypt in 19 A.D. on his way to Syria, inspected the ruins of Egypt, and bestowed particular attention upon the speaking image,‡ though his enthusiastic language may be held to reflect the popular beliefs of his own day rather than of those whose history he was writing. Certain it is, however, that from the reign of Nero onwards the Memnon acquired a wider renown. Then for the first time we find the favored pilgrim recording his gratitude after the most approved modern fashion, in a Greek or

Latin inscription, sometimes metrical, sometimes the reverse, upon the legs of the statue. These compositions are of varying merit, according to the taste or ability of their authors. One of the best is a Greek stanza carved upon the front of the pedestal by one Asclepiodotus, imperial procurator, and a man of culture, which may be literally rendered thus:—

O sea-born Thetis, know that when
His mother's torch is lit,
Memnon awakes and cries aloud,
Fired by the warmth of it.
Beneath the brow of Libyan heights,
Where Nilus cuts in twain
The city of the glorious gates,
He wakes to life again.
Yet thine Achilles, who in fight
Ne'er slaked his savage joy,
On the Thessalian plains is mute,
Is mute on those of Troy.*

Juvenal, who is believed to have been in Egypt in the reign of Domitian, is the next visitor of importance. His words —

Dimidio magiae resonant ubi Memnone
chordæ† —

leave no doubt that the figure when seen by him was still in the same truncated condition. Lucian, who was, and Pliny, who was not, an eyewitness,‡ both mention the phenomenon. But the zenith of celebrity appears to have been reached in the time of Hadrian. That indefatigable sightseer, with his wife Sabina, and a large suite, several times visited and heard Memnon; and so great an impetus was given to the expedition by the imperial patronage, that we find nearly thirty inscriptions dating from this reign. Pausanias, also a visitor about this time and an auditor of the miracle, confirms the description of Juvenal, and adds the interesting detail that the noise resembled the snapping of a harp-string. Inscriptions of a later date prove that the sound from the shattered base continued to be heard till the reign of Septimius Severus. The year 196 marks the last recorded instance.§ From that date till the present time the hero has remained speechless and

Memnon's lyre has lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone.

One fact has been made abundantly clear by this narrative — viz., that the "rivers of melody" which, in Lord Tennyson's somewhat hyperbolic phrase,

* Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum, 4727, 4731.

† Except in inscriptions of the second century A.D. (Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum, 4730, 4741), which embody the legendary beliefs of the day.

Writers of a much later date reproduce the same fancy — viz., that prior to the sacrilege of Cambyses Memnon had uttered articulate sounds.

‡ Annales ii. 61.

§ Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum, 4747.

† Juvenal, Sat. xv. 5.

‡ Pliny, Nat. Hist. xxxvi. 58.

§ Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, 51.

"Morn from Memnon drew," flowed only while the upper half of Memnon did not exist. We may therefore give the *congē* at once to all the pretty stories of Aurora kissing her son upon the lips and the latter uttering an articulate reply which have captivated the not too critical fancy of poets, or of prose writers claiming a more than poetical license. The only two authors of anything like contemporary date who give currency to the fiction are Lucian and Philostratus. The former puts the conceit into the mouth of a professional liar in one of his dialogues* with the manifest object of discrediting the ridiculous tale. Philostratus, relating the travels of Apollonius of Tyana in the first century A.D., quotes the account of a certain Damis, who accompanied the pagan mystic to Thebes. Damis describes the statue as that of a young and beardless man,† whose eyes sparkled, and whose lips spoke as they faced the rising sun, and who appeared to bend forward in an attitude of salutation.‡ As the evidence summarized above proves that Memnon was at the time of Apollonius's visit only a sundered and headless block of stone, the philosopher is not to be congratulated upon these practical testimonials to the veracity of his Boswell.

From the fact that the last attested instance of Memnon having spoken was in the reign of Septimius Severus, it may be inferred that something must then have happened to suspend the continuance of the sound. We know from his biographer § that the emperor himself visited the statue — the last of the Cæsars who did so — though, as no inscription is found containing his name, it is almost certain that he was unsuccessful. These circumstances supplied M. Letroune with the very clue which was lacking to explain the restoration described in an earlier paragraph of this article. His reasoning may be held to have established that the five tiers of sandstone were added by Severus in the desire to propitiate the mute divinity and to reawaken his full powers of utterance. The futility of these pious intentions, and the coincidence of the repair of Memnon with the commencement of his long silence, will have an important bearing upon the discussion that will presently follow.

* Lucian, *Philopseudes*, c. 33; cf. *Toxaris seu Amicitia*, c. 27.

† Both colossi were almost certainly bearded; *vide* the statues of Amunoph III. in the British Museum.

‡ Philostratus, *De Vita Apollonei Tyanei*, lib. vi., c. 3, 4; cf. *Heroica*, c. 4, and *Imagines*, lib. i., c. 7.

§ *Spartianus*, c. 17.

The later history of Memnon may be dismissed almost in a sentence. From the beginning of the third century A.D., a cloud of impenetrable darkness settles down upon his fame and fortunes, and no suspicion was entertained that the vocal image still existed at Thebes till it was again identified between 1737 and 1739 by Pococke, who copied some of the inscriptions and published in his travels a description and drawing of the statue. Norden, the Danish traveller, had visited the spot on December 12, 1737; but from the report which he sent to the Royal Society in London, in 1741, it does not appear even to have crossed his mind that the northern colossus was that of Memnon, though he copied a few of the inscriptions and made a drawing of the lower half of the figure. From that time to this the investigation has proceeded with ever increasing interest, notwithstanding the natives, till prompted by foreign tourists, persisted in describing the images as those of a male and female, whom they called Shaama and Taama, an alliterative jingle to which it is doubtful if we ought to attach any serious meaning.

There remain two points of considerable interest before we pass to the explanation of the so-called miracle. These are, the nature of the sound and the conditions under which it was heard. We have seen that it was described by Strabo as the kind of noise resulting from a slight blow, and by Pausanias as resembling the snapping of a harp-string. The former idea is reproduced in one of the inscriptions,* where it is spoken of as a high-pitched note, and is compared to the sound produced by striking brass; the latter is confirmed by the language of Juvenal (*magicæ chordæ*) and by the word *crepare* employed by Pliny. We may conclude that it was a clear, somewhat metallic, sound, varying in pitch and intensity — sometimes a shrill, sharp, twanging note, at others a fainter and more ringing vibration.

Of the eighty-seven legible, or partially legible, Greek and Latin inscriptions upon the legs which have been collected by the indefatigable assiduity of a succession of scholars, thirty three contain a reference to the hour or time of day at which the phenomenon was heard. On eighteen occasions it is mentioned as having happened at the first hour, or sunrise, on eight between the first and second hours, on six at the second hour, on

* *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, 4725.

two between the second and third hours, on three at the third hour. Two alone date the miracle before sunrise. Nine of the writers, including the empress Sabina, testify to having heard it twice (sometimes, but rarely, on the same morning); four of them, including Hadrian, three times; two of them four times; and one, a soldier of the third legion, no less than twelve times. Two, of whom Sabina is one, relate that they failed on their first visit, but were more fortunate on the second. Another was not successful till the third time of asking. Septimius Severus, as we have seen, never heard it at all. Of those inscriptions, for the most part in Latin, which specify the month, twelve refer to February and eleven to March. These were by far the most propitious months, perhaps because they may have been then, as now, the favorite season for ascending the Nile. These figures, which are not without a distinct bearing upon the issue, tend to show that the voice of Memnon was most commonly heard at sunrise, as soon indeed as the rays fell upon the statue (cf. Strabo, Tacitus, Pliny, Pausanias, and Lucian), but on some occasions not till a later period of the morning. The sound was far from uniform in its occurrence, as the small number of inscriptions, out of the thousands of persons who must have visited Memnon, would alone suffice to show; but those who repeated the experiment might expect in the long run to be rewarded for their perseverance.

We are now in possession of all the facts available to assist us in the elucidation of the prodigy. Two alone of the many hypotheses that have been put forward are worth considering, or present any features of probability. A multitude of wild conjectures, based on imagination, but claiming a pseudo-scientific or mechanical interest, crumble away as soon as they are touched by the merciless finger of fact. There remain the rival theories that the voice of Memnon was a fraud practised by the Egyptian priesthood, and that it was a natural phenomenon to be explained by physical causes.

The former theory, though not started, was first argued at length by Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in a paper read before the Royal Society of Literature in London, on December 18, 1833, in his "Topography of Thebes" (1835), in his "Modern Egypt and Thebes" (1843), and in the earlier editions of Murray's "Handbook to Egypt;" and has been repeated by

most subsequent writers. So eminent an authority may claim to state his own case, and accordingly the following passage is reproduced from the third of the above works (vol. ii. 158-164), which may be taken to represent the matured opinions of the author:—

The priests, who no doubt contrived the sound of the statue, were artful enough to allow the supposed deity to fail occasionally in his accustomed habit; and some were consequently disappointed on their first visit, and obliged to return another morning to satisfy their curiosity. . . . In the lap of the statue is a stone, which, on being struck, emits a metallic sound, that might still be made use of to deceive a visitor who was predisposed to believe its powers; and from its position, and the squared place cut in the block behind—as if to admit a person who might thus lie concealed from the most scrutinizing observer in the plain below—it seems to have been used after the restoration of the statue; another similar recess exists beneath the present site of this stone, which might have been intended for the same purpose when the statue was in its mutilated state.

Sir G. Wilkinson then relates that in the year 1824, when he first tested the musical stone, the nature of the sound did not appear to tally with the account given by ancient authors; but that in 1830, having noticed the phrase "as of smitten brass" in one of the inscriptions, he again ascended, struck the block with a small hammer, and received from a knot of peasants whom he had posted below the gratifying response, "*Ente betdrop e'nahd's*," "You are striking brass." This "convinced him that the sound was the same that deceived the Romans, and led Strabo to observe that it appeared to him as the effect of a slight blow." And he triumphantly concludes, "That it was a deception there can be little doubt. The fact of the emperor Hadrian hearing it thrice looks very suspicious, and a natural phenomenon would not have been so complimentary to the emperor when it sounded only once for ordinary mortals."

It will be observed that Sir G. Wilkinson, in the above passage, starts with the assumption, which he clearly expects to carry conviction to every mind, that the priests were at the bottom of the pretended miracle, and then proceeds to fit into it, first, the recorded conditions under which the phenomenon occurred, and, secondly, his own local experiments and observations. As regards the assumption, though somewhat defiantly stated, it is one with which *per se* we are not disposed to quarrel. No one acquainted with his-

tory is likely to be overburdened with confidence in the integrity of the Egyptian hierophants or to feel any peculiar temptation to take up the cudgels on their behalf. We may admit that these holy persons would have been quite capable of practising the deception had it been feasible or had it in the remotest degree served their purpose. Talking trees and speaking stones are not unknown features in sacerdotal annals. The duplicity of priests is a natural phenomenon more familiar to the public mind than many of the best attested phenomena of nature herself. It is not, however, on these grounds that Sir G. Wilkinson won credence for his theory and succeeded in foisting it upon the popular acceptance; it was because he supplied, or appeared to supply, evidence of a confirmatory character from his personal inspection of the statue. This testimony has never been examined, and therefore, in the opinion of the majority, has never been shaken; whilst by those who have taken the opposite side in the argument it has been tacitly ignored. Indeed, we incline to the opinion that of all those who have written about the Memnon, Sir. G. Wilkinson is the only one who really made the ascent. If, however, his account of its existing condition, and the inferences which he is thereby led to draw, can be shown to be incorrect, any adventitious importance accruing to the theory of imposture from the evidence of the figure will disappear, and the case will have to be judged upon the facts and phenomena recorded at an earlier stage of this discussion.

Having stated that there is a sonorous lump of stone in the lap of the image, Sir G. Wilkinson, we have seen, proceeds to assert that there is a squared place cut in the block behind it, which might — and in his opinion, no doubt, did — conceal a hidden juggler "after the restoration of the statue." As it is well established that Memnon never spoke after his restoration — *i. e.*, after the superimposed ranges of sandstone, in one of which this hollow space is said to exist, were added to the broken base — it is immaterial to the question whether such a cavity exists or not. At the most it would indicate, if true, that deception may have been attempted — and, if so, unsuccessfully attempted — after the repair, a supposition in itself damaging to the hypothesis of original fraud, inasmuch as it suggests an endeavor to reproduce by artifice what had previously arisen from other causes. Sir G. Wilkinson is evidently aware of this ini-

tial flaw in his contention. Accordingly, he proceeds to remedy it by stating that there is another recess, equally favorable to the designs of an impostor, situated not behind, but beneath, the sonorous stone, and in the base, from which tradition, without a responsible dissentient voice, declares that the sound emanated. He is thus *ad utrumque paratus*. If a suspicious cavity is wanted in the broken Memnon, it is there; if in the repaired Memnon, it is there also. Memnon, in fact, cannot escape with untarnished reputation; he can never have spoken, without, like the Trojan horse, harboring a secret of treachery in his interior.

Unfortunately for Sir G. Wilkinson, his statements in both cases are invalidated by an examination of the colossus, and have only been accepted by those who have never put themselves to the trouble of climbing on to the lap of the giant. A ladder — the resource of Lilliput in a similar emergency — and a footrule are all that is required. An investigation conducted in the present year with the aid of these appliances has removed all doubt from our mind and revealed the following as the actual condition of the Memnon.

The original block is split downwards from the waist or starting-point of the Roman masonry by a great lateral fissure, converging towards the bottom, and obviously due to natural causes, among which we can refer it to none other than the famous earthquake of 27 B. C. It extends from side to side of the base, and is visible from below, whence it was noticed by Pococke. This great natural cleft is the earlier artificial recess of Sir G. Wilkinson. Towards the top, where the new tiers begin, the crack widens to a width which varies from seventeen to thirty-one inches, at the front of it being the lap of the old statue, and at the back the bottom-most range of the later addition. Here, in the jaws of the rent, a block of sandstone — seventeen and a half inches long from right to left, by twenty-two and a half inches broad from front to back, and ten inches deep, and of corresponding color and material to the Roman superstructure — is caught and suspended. Its sonorous qualities when struck do not differ from those of any other stone in a similar position, and are apparently due to its detached and pendent situation. In any case, we can hardly accept as a final court of appeal the organs, however sensitive, of the Theban fellahs. Behind and above this stone is a gap in the masonry of the restoration, from which it has

either fallen or been pulled out, the block immediately above the gap having sunk down into it to a depth of several inches, and in so doing having broken away from the Roman cement still clinging to the under surface of the block next again above. If the block immediately above the gap were hoisted up to its original level, and the fallen stone extricated from its present resting-place, it would fit into the space which it once occupied, and the gap would disappear. This fallen stone is the musical stone,* and this gap is the second artificial recess of Sir G. Wilkinson. We are now in a position to estimate the verification of the latter at its proper value. For, summing up, we see that neither before nor after the restoration was any recess artificially hewn in the figure, nor any sonorous stone intentionally deposited in the lap of Memnon. The lower cavity was the result of a natural convulsion; the upper cavity has been produced, we know not when, by the very causes — probably the mischievousness or destructiveness of the Arabs — which also detached the so-called musical stone from its surroundings, and dropped it into the mouth of the crack below. Accordingly, Sir G. Wilkinson's case in these respects entirely collapses.

So much for the direct evidence supplied by the statue, and which, instead of positively countenancing the theory of fraud, negatively contradicts it. The indirect evidence derived from the recorded facts is more conclusive still, and on the very points where Sir G. Wilkinson claims its support is in reality fatal to his contention. He argues that the inconstancy of the phenomenon, its scant respect for ordinary mortals, and its partiality to the emperor Hadrian are proofs of a deep and calculating deception. But he conveniently forgets that if Memnon spoke three times for the emperor, he declined to utter at all upon the first visit of the empress, who, as we hear from an inscription composed by one of her ladies in waiting, was inflamed with anger at the affront; † that he also sounded thrice for three other persons, none of them of imperial rank; ‡ that two visitors, a simple

citizen of Cæsarea Philippi, in Galilee, and an unknown Roman, were four times honored; * and that whilst his most lavish favors were conferred upon an untitled soldier of the third legion, twelve times successful, † his crowning rebuff was reserved for another emperor, Septimius Severus. There is nothing, indeed, to show that persons of high rank were more fortunate than their inferiors in the social scale, though it is only natural that the successes of the rich and cultured should have been commemorated rather than those of the mass, who in many cases can have had neither the interest nor the taste to command an inscription. The irregularity of the portent will be seen to have a very different meaning. Had the priests been responsible, we may be sure that Memnon would have spoken with far greater consistency and with a much superior discrimination.

In addition to the points already mentioned there are a number of others, ignored by Sir G. Wilkinson, but collectively forming a body of circumstantial evidence, the significance of which cannot be overlooked. If the priests manufactured the sound, how are we to account for the recorded variations in its quality and pitch? Why should the impact of a hammer or similar instrument upon a lump of stone sound on one occasion like a snapping harp-string, on another like ringing brass? Why, again, should the voice on some days have been heard at sunrise, and on others not till two or even three hours later in the morning? Such a delay might be inconvenient to the visitors, and would be extremely disagreeable to the incarcerated musician. Are we to believe that for two hundred and twenty years a succession of athletic priests climbed up without ladder or visible appliance under cover of the night, and climbed down on the ensuing day, in both cases defying and defeating all observation? Memnon could not, like the chess-playing automaton at the Crystal Palace, be occasionally withdrawn from view while the operator effected his ingress or egress. He sat in staring isolation upon the open plain, whence he could be seen for miles, where sceptical spirits must have kept watch through many a night and day, and where we are justified in declaring that such a design would have been quite incapable of execution. Finally, how comes it that for one thousand five hundred

* The indecision of Sir G. Wilkinson himself is shown by the fact that whereas the sounding stone in his later works is this block, in his letter to the Royal Society (Transactions, vol. ii. pp. 451-6) it is identified with the stone in the breast, immediately above the gap. We may conjecture that the superior sonorous qualities of the suspended stone ousted the earlier claimant from its proud position.

† Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum, 4729.

‡ Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum, 4721-2; Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, 45, 54.

* Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum, 4750; Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, 50.

† Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum, 34.

years after the erection of the colossi, and long after the Greeks under the Ptolemaic dynasty had entered Egypt, not a breath is whispered of the marvel; whilst two hundred and twenty years later, after an interval, as we are required to believe, but as was never even insinuated at the time, of highly successful charlatany, the jugglers suddenly lose their cunning and the miracle ceases at the very moment when such a witness to paganism would have been of inestimable value as a set-off to the growing popularity of the Christian faith? Did the Egyptian priesthood enter upon an orbit of deceit twenty years B.C., and complete it two hundred years A.D., being, as it were, in apogee in the reign of Hadrian? Above all, can we possibly mistake the import of the fact that the period during which Memnon spoke was precisely co-extensive with the period during which he remained shattered and unrepaired—a condition which presented no further, but, on the contrary, considerably less, advantages to the artifice than when he was whole?

This also must be borne in mind, that, supposing all such difficulties removed, the sacerdotal caste had not the slightest interest in practising the fraud. Memnon was not a national or local divinity; he had no temple, and was not worshipped, save by superstitious tourists, at Thebes; there is not a shred of evidence to show that in the native mind any religious or devotional idea whatever was connected either with the statue or with the phenomenon; among the multitude of inscriptions upon the legs there is not a single one in Egyptian characters, demotic or hieroglyphic. On the contrary, we have seen that the Thebans persevered, in spite of the obstinate credulity of the Greek or Roman pilgrims, in offering a correct interpretation of the image; whilst one inscription on the left leg contains the remarkable and conclusive statement that the name Amenoth and the title of an Egyptian king were given to it by the priests themselves.*

We hold, then, that the case against the priests is quashed by the most overwhelming testimony, and that the theory of deception can no longer be sustained. We are driven, therefore, to the other alternative; for, if the sound did not proceed from human, manifestly it must have been due to natural causes. So little, however, is it necessary to accept this solution as a *pis aller* that it will be found to be the

only one with which all the data hitherto mentioned accord, and which at once explains and reconciles the seemingly conflicting phenomena of the case. When we remember that the mysterious sound was not heard till the figure was broken in twain, nor after the fracture had been repaired; that it was heard either at or soon after sunrise, and at no other time of the day;* and that it presented no particular uniformity of occurrence or principle of manifestation, the conclusion irresistibly suggests itself that it was due to some peculiar relation between the warmth of the rising sun and the great block of cracked and sundered stone. If the action of solar heat can be shown without improbability to have produced the noise described, the various difficulties that have been raised one and all disappear. The phenomenon cannot possibly have been regular in its occurrence or uniform in its moment of action, because on different days of the year the sun will have risen in a different quarter of the heavens, and with varying power—sometimes striking with vehement rays directly upon the statue, at others requiring to pierce through an envelope of mist or vapor before its genial warmth could reach that riven heart of stone. This was why Memnon replied to-day in a musical whisper, as though faintly acknowledging the salute, to-morrow with a sharper intonation, as though smitten with sudden pain; why he proved no respecter of persons, and drew no distinctions between the humble legionary and the crowned Cæsar; why to some of his worshippers he spoke with such gracious iteration, to others was so inexorably or incontinently dumb. The power that was in him was communicated from without, and could not be exercised save at the instance of another. Though his lyre was ready strung, the only fingers that could awake its music were the rays of Phœbus Apollo.

Some such line of reasoning has no doubt influenced those who, headed by Letronne, have adopted this solution of the mystery. There has been a practical consensus of opinion among them that

* There are two inscriptions (*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, 4722, 4725) in which its occurrence is apparently dated before sunrise; but the vagueness of the terms employed—in one case *πρίν πρωτηρά ώρας*, in the other *πρίν αύγας δελλώ*—leaves us in doubt as to the precise hour intended. The “first hour” might signify either sunrise or the space of an hour following; the second phrase is still more ambiguous. The discrepancy, therefore, is one which cannot be pressed, and which, if proven, might be explained as the result either of exaggeration or of illusion.

the sound was in some way or other due to the expansion in the stone of which the base was composed, brought about by the sudden rise in temperature at dawn. The transition from comparative chilliness to sensible warmth is often very rapid in those climes, the sun on clear mornings diffusing a penetrating glow almost the moment he has topped the horizon, and speedily exhausting the dews or vapors of the night. Under these circumstances, a physical change of a somewhat marked description in the substances affected is not surprising, and much more when, as in this case, the particular substance affected was a siliceous conglomerate peculiarly lacking in homogeneity of composition, and with its natural coherence still further impaired by numerous accidental cracks and fissures. Such an object would be extremely susceptible of thermometric variations, and might be compared to a stringed instrument the chords of which were over-tautly stretched.

Nor is this hypothesis left to stand alone, for it is supported by other well-attested instances in which sounds of musical quality have been known to emanate from stones or rocks at sunrise. One of the most frequently quoted is the phenomenon described by Baron von Humboldt on the banks of the Orinoko, where tones as of an organ were heard to proceed at that hour from some granite rocks permeated with deep and narrow crevices. The sonorous properties of the sandstone rocks of El Nakous in the Arabian peninsula, near Mount Sinai, and of the Maladetta mountain in the Pyrenees, which have also been quoted in the same context, are probably to be referred to other causes, and cannot be accepted as analogous in character. But the members of the French scientific commission sent by Napoleon I. in the wake of his marauding column up the Nile (and who, having anticipated Sir G. Wilkinson in his wholesale scepticism about the Memnon, may be claimed as unbiased witnesses) have left on record that on two occasions — once in the granite quarries of Syene, and again in one of the temples of Karnak — they heard at sunrise the same strange cracking sound, reminding them of the simile employed by Pausanias — viz., of a snapping chord. Dr. Brugsch also testifies to having heard a similar note in 1851 among the ruins of Karnak. These parallel cases are invaluable, both as proofs that the vocal Memnon was not a unique portent, and as buttresses to the theory of natural causation.

Whilst, however, the miracle has been generally attributed by this school of scientific exegesis to the action of the sun's rays upon the chilled stone, different and inconsistent explanations of the precise physical origin of the sound have been advanced by various writers. Some have believed it to be due to the passage of quick currents of air set in motion by the sudden change of temperature through the crevices of the shattered monolith. But in that case we are tempted to ask why the same result should not have been produced by other and still more favorable atmospheric conditions, such, for instance, as the prevalence of a high wind. Others have imagined that under the influence of the sudden heat small fragments of the stone, which was without doubt extremely elastic in nature, splintered and broke off with a ringing noise. But, were that so, the phenomenon should have been visible as well as audible, and there can be no reason why it should not be repeated to this hour. Others, again, and these are the majority, laying stress upon the heterogeneous ingredients of the stone, have supposed a slight superficial rupture between its component particles, resulting in a sharp vibration. If, however, the integral quality of the stone were alone concerned, the southern statue, which was hewn from the same quarries, ought to have been no less amenable to caloric influence, and should have divided with Memnon the prerogative of speech. In our opinion the phenomenon can only be satisfactorily explained by bearing in mind and correlating two separate factors of the case — viz., (1) the composition of the stone, already described, and (2) the abnormal condition of the statue during the period of vocality, consequent upon the damage wrought by the earthquake. By this convulsion Memnon was not only severed in twain, but shaken to his foundation, deflected from his original level, and scarred by innumerable seams and rents, one of which, as we have seen, almost bisected his still surviving half. To account for the production of the sound we must believe that in one or other of these cracks there occurred, under the waxing heat of the solar rays, a sudden displacement of some movable portion of the figure, an instantaneous shifting or rubbing of one face of stone upon another — in short, a disturbance of physical continuity sufficiently violent in its operation to communicate a sonorous shock to the atmospheric medium, through which it reached the ear of the listener outside.

From The Scottish Review.

THE MESMERIST.

FROM THE LATE IVAN TURGENIEFF.

The phenomenon would then be analogous to the commonplace incident of the cracking of an iron bar in a grate under the growing heat of a powerful fire, or to the spasmodic ringing of a newly ignited stove. Whether this be the true interpretation or not—and the opportunity of scientific proof can unfortunately never be obtained*—we are convinced that in this direction lies the only possibility of successfully prosecuting the inquiry. Human agency, we claim at least to have shown, was utterly unconcerned in the manifestation; and if nature, the great Thaumaturgus, has in the vocal Memnon propounded an enigma of which it is beyond the scope of existing knowledge to supply more than a hypothetically correct solution—if she whispered to those two centuries of a bygone world a secret to which no Prometheus has yet revealed the key—we are content to recognize in the mystery an additional tribute to the manifold dispensations of her genius.

And here, well satisfied if in the above remarks we have removed any prevalent misapprehensions or diffused a more accurate knowledge about this interesting statue—one of the most interesting that ever left the sculptor's chisel—we take leave of the colossal pair still seated on the Theban plain in sublime unconsciousness of the varying sentiments which they have excited in the breasts of so many successive generations. There they sit, the two giant brethren, scorched by the suns of three thousand summers. By their side Stonehenge is a plaything, the work of pygmies. They are first even among the prodigies of Egypt; more solemn than the pyramids, more sad than the Sphinx, more amazing than the pillared avenues of Karnak, more tremendous than the rock idols of Aboo-Simbel. There they sit, patient and pathetic, their grim obliterated faces staring out into vacancy, their ponderous limbs sunk in a perpetual repose, indifferent alike to man and to nature, steadfast while empires have crumbled and dynasties decayed, serene amid all the tides of war and rapine and conquest that have ebbed and flowed from Alexandria to Assouan. There they sit and doubtless will sit till the end of all things—“*sedent æternumque sedebunt*”—a wonder and a witness to men.

* Unless, indeed, the upper half were again dismantled and the statue restored to its mutilated condition—an experiment which we should like to recommend could we be certain that the base had not been tampered with, and its vocal capacities irretrievably destroyed by the repairs of Septimius Severus.

A COUPLE of years passed before I heard of Sophia Vladimirovna again. Indeed the image of the little girl with the child-like face and the far-away expression and strange ideas had become completely obliterated from my memory, when it was suddenly recalled to me by a casual conversation with one of my comrades who had just returned from an official tour in the south of Russia. He had passed some days at T—, and was giving me the local news.

“By the way,” he said, “you know Vladimir G—B—, do you not?”

I replied in the affirmative.

“Did you know his daughter Sophia?”

“I met her twice.”

“Well, just conceive—she has run away.”

“What do you mean?” I exclaimed.

“Yes,” continued he, “it is perfectly true. She disappeared three months ago, and nobody has the least idea what has become of her. The funniest part of it is that nobody knows who it was that she ran away with. They cannot find out anything. They have not even an idea. She had been proposed to all round, and refused everybody. The whole world thought that she was a kind of ideal type of propriety and good conduct. But you see that is how your very pious and staid young ladies turn out. Of course it has made the devil of a row throughout the whole province. Her father is frightfully cut up. No one can guess, either, why on earth she wanted to do such a thing, for he would have let her marry anybody in the world that she liked, and have been only too happy to please her. By the way, one of the most interesting phenomena about the whole affair is that there is not a Lovelace* in the province who is quite prepared to take his oath that he had nothing whatever to do with it.”

“They have not caught her again, then?” I asked.

“Oh, dear, no,” replied my friend, “she might just as well have been drowned and washed away. The pity is, to see such a thing with what looked like a nice girl, who might have married well.”

This piece of news surprised me excessively. It was so utterly opposed to every idea which I had formed of Sophia

* The hero (?) of Richardson's “*Clarissa Harlowe*”—much as we should ourselves speak of a man as “a Don Juan.”

Vladimirovna. However, life is full of the unexpected.

During the autumn of the same year, I was obliged to go on duty to the province of S—, which, as everybody knows, is in the same direction as T—. The weather was cold and wet, and, light as my carriage was, the wretched post-horses had hard work to drag it through the inundated roads. It was on one of the very worst of these days. Three times had we sunk in mud up to the axletrees. My driver seemed to land us in a fresh rut at every step, and when, by dint of shouting and swearing, he had extricated himself from one, it was only to fall into another and a deeper. When we arrived in the evening at the post-house where we were to change horses, I felt perfectly tired out, and determined to stay there for the night. I was shown into a room with the wall-paper in tatters and the planks of the flooring all awry. It was furnished with an old wooden settle, and there was a strong smell compounded of stale *gwass*,* onions, rotten straw, and resin. The atmosphere was filled with dense swarms of flies. However, at last I found myself out of the rain, which was by this time falling in torrents. I ordered some tea, and sat down upon the settle, where I abandoned myself to a class of reflections painfully familiar to all travellers in the interior of Russia. My gloomy meditations were suddenly interrupted by a loud noise in the common parlor, from which my room was separated only by a slight partition. The sound resembled the rattling of iron, as if occasioned by the dragging of rusty chains, above which I soon heard the hoarse voice of a man raised almost to a shout, and articulating each word with a fiery distinctness.

"Peace be to this house," cried the voice, "and unto all them that dwell therein! May the Lord command his blessing! Oh, may the Lord command his blessing! Amen! Amen! Get thee behind me, Satan!" Here the speaker drew a deep sigh, which was followed by a sound as of some heavy body falling upon a bench, and in so doing making the chains rattle again. Then he continued, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord! Behold the handmaid of the Lord! The Lord hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden! Oh, what lowliness, and, oh, what blessedness!" Then the tone changed to that of a precentor, as

he chanted the Church hymn, "Holy God, Holy Mighty, Holy Immortal, have mercy on us;" after which he resumed, "O Lord God of my life, forgive me my trespasses, and command thy blessing upon this house at the seventh hour."

The landlady here brought me my tea, and I asked her who it was in the next room.

"Ah, dear, dear," she replied, with a sort of nervous excitement, "it is a holy man of God. It is not long that he has been in these parts, and yet he is pleased to come to our house to-day, even when it is raining cats and dogs. And, oh, to see the chains that he wears! It is enough to make one's heart bleed."

"Bless the Lord, O virgin greatly beloved!" cried the voice in the next room. "Oh, where is Eden, glorious Eden, the city of our God? Oh, may everlasting peace dwell herein!"

Here followed some words which I could not catch, which were again succeeded by the sound of a prolonged yawn, and then by an hysterical laugh. Immediately after the laugh, I heard him spit indignantly* — which indeed I noticed he always did under the same circumstance.

"Ah, dear, dear," said my hostess, speaking with great emotion, and more to herself than to me, "if only my husband, Stephen, was here. The holy man speaks such comforting things, they quite go to one's heart, and I have not got the learning to take them all in."

She left the room hastily, and, as I perceived a small crevice in the partition, I went and peeped through. I now saw an "innocent" † sitting upon a bench, with his back turned towards me. I could only see a great head of shock hair, and a curved back, clad in a mass of darned rags, and all soaked in the rain. Kneeling upon the earthen floor in front of him was a slight female figure, wrapped in a cloak as wet as his own garment. Her features were concealed in the dark kerchief in which her head was muffled. She was doing her best to take off the madman's boots, but the leather was sodden with rain and covered with mud, and her fingers kept slipping upon it. The mistress of the house stood by, her hands crossed upon her breast, gazing with reverential awe upon the saint, who, on his

* A superstitious mode of implying that he who spits rejects any complicity with what has just occurred, not unusual among the Slavonic peasantry.

† The word implies a religious maniac, of the class sometimes popularly regarded as saints, the more worldly part of whose understanding God has taken to himself.

part, kept up an inarticulate mumbling. At length, one of the boots yielded to the efforts of the woman upon the ground, and so suddenly that she nearly fell backwards. The feet of the lunatic were wrapped in rags instead of stockings, and these she at once proceeded to unfold. The process presently revealed an ulcer. The sight was disgusting, and I drew back from my post of observation. I could still, however, hear what passed.

"If you please, my father," asked the landlady humbly, "might I offer you a cup of tea?"

"Oh, what does she say?" cried the innocent. "To pamper this sinful house of clay, to give pleasure to the body of this death! Oh, that I could break every bone therein! And she speaks to me of tea! Oh, honorable woman, Satan is strong within us. Cold and hunger smite upon him, and the windows of heaven are opened above him, so that the water-spouts fall upon him, the cold waters that chill to the very marrow of the bones. But he lives still, he lives still. Remember the day of the intercession of the Mother of God!* Then shalt thou see what shall surely come to pass concerning thee — thou shalt surely see it." (Here the hostess gave a slight sigh, as though from astonishment.) "Only give ear unto me. Give, give thine head, give thy shirt. None asketh thee to give. Give freely, because God seeth thee. What time would there be need of to him, if he were pleased to scatter thine house on every side? It is he that hath given it unto thee. The Lord God, the giver of all good gifts, hath given thee bread. Do thou put it into the oven. Yea, all things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do. Thou knowest it well; the eye in the triangle.† And wherefore?" The hostess crossed herself under her shawl, and there was a short silence, which was suddenly broken by the madman crying aloud, "Oh, thou old enemy, as hard as adamant!" He ground his teeth with fury, and continued, "It is the old serpent. But let God arise, yea, let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered! I shall yet awake the dead, I shall yet trample the enemy of God under foot."

Here a low voice, which I could hardly distinguish, said, —

* The translator has not been able to find this festival in the only Russian Church Calendar to which he has had access. There is a Feast of the Protection of the Mother of God on October 1.

† A common symbol in Russian religious art, intended to indicate the all-seeing power of God.

"Do you think that you could let me have a little oil? I would like to dress his wound. I have a piece of clean linen for it, myself."

I looked again through the crevice. The woman was still kneeling before the innocent, occupied with his leg. "The Magdalen," thought I to myself.

"To be sure, my dear, to be sure, — at once," answered the landlady, and forthwith she came into my room with a spoon to take some oil from the lamp which was burning before the holy pictures.* I asked her who the woman was.

"Indeed, sir," replied the hostess, "we do not know who she is. But it is her that keeps him alive. Maybe, she does it for her sins. Oh, what a holy, saintly creature he is!"

"My dearest child, my daughter greatly beloved," began the madman, and then suddenly burst into tears. On this, his companion, still on her knees, looked up. The sight gave me quite a shock. "Good heavens," I said to myself, "surely I have seen the look of those eyes before. But where can it have been?"

I now saw the landlady come back again with the oil. The woman on the ground proceeded forthwith to dress the sore. When she had finished bandaging it, she rose, and asked whether it would be possible to allow them to sleep in some loft where there was a little hay. Basil Niketich, she said, was very fond of sleeping on hay.

"To be sure," said the landlady, "of course. Come, father," she added, to the innocent, "dry yourself, and rest."

The lunatic gave a groan, and rose slowly from the bench, and, as he did so, his chains rattled. He turned round to look for the holy images, and, on seeing them, began crossing himself repeatedly, with the back of his hand. While he was so employed, I had a full view of his face. I recognized him in an instant. It was no other than the man who had shown me the figure of my old French tutor, at T. His features had not changed much, but his expression had become wilder and more menacing. His cheeks were covered with a rough beard. The whole hideous figure, however, in its garb of muddy rags, caused me a feeling of disgust rather than of alarm. He still went on crossing himself, but, while doing so, his eyes strayed about the floor and into the corners of the room, as if he were

* It is the custom in Russia to place one or more pictures of sacred subjects in a corner of every room, and a lamp is often kept burning before them.

looking for something. Presently his female companion bowed deferentially to him and called him by his name. Upon this, he raised his head, and, endeavoring to take a step, reeled, and all but fell. She immediately started forward and supported his arm. I then perceived by her movement and her figure, as I had conjectured from her voice, that she was young, but I could not see her face. "Oh, beloved!" said the lunatic, in a drawing-toned, and then opened his mouth wide, began to strike himself on the breast, and gave a groan which seemed to rend his very soul. Therewith, the strange pair followed the landlady out of the room.

I sat down again on my hard settle, and thought over what I had seen. The man who had mesmerized me had ended by becoming an innocent. That he had some strange nervous or magnetic temperament I could not doubt, but this was what it had at last brought him to.

Next morning I determined to try and continue my journey. The rain was still falling, but my business was too pressing to allow me to delay any longer. When my servant brought me my shaving things, I noticed in his face a peculiar expression of suppressed but sardonic pleasure. He belonged, like Ardalion, to the "enlightened" or "civilized" class of Russian domestic, and his particular delight was to meet with anything scandalous among the class of those he served. I felt very little doubt as to the nature of his present satisfaction, and, as I saw that he was burning to talk about it, I said,—

"Well, what is it now?"

"Please, sir," he answered, "did you see that innocent yesterday?"

"What about him?" asked I.

"And did you see the woman, sir, that was with him?" continued he.

I replied in the affirmative.

"She is a lady born," said the man.

"Nonsense," I exclaimed.

"Indeed, she is, sir," he answered. "There were some merchants from T— came through here yesterday, and they knew her. They told me what her name was, only I have forgot."

A suspicion flashed suddenly across my mind. I asked whether the innocent was still there.

"Oh, yes," replied my servant. "The gentleman is down there at the door, giving them a taste of some of his wares. They are fine stories that he is telling them. He knows it pays."

I enquired if his female companion was with him. Yes, she was waiting on him.

I accordingly went down to the door, and immediately perceived the madman. He was sitting outside upon a bench, which he clutched with both hands, and was swinging his bowed head to and fro. His coarse masses of thick hair hung over his features and swayed with the movement of his head. His heavy lips were open, and between them issued a continual growling sound which hardly resembled the human voice. He recalled the appearance of a wild beast in its cage. The middle of the yard of the inn was occupied by a dunghill, over which a plank formed a sort of bridge to the well. Upon this plank stood the young woman, occupied in washing her face in a bucket which was suspended by the side of the well. As she was only a few yards from the door, and had laid aside the handkerchief in which her head had been muffled the night before, I could now see her perfectly well. I unconsciously clapped my hands with astonishment. It was Sophia Vladimirovna. At the sound made by my hands, she turned round, and fixed upon me the same strange motionless eyes as of yore. But great changes had passed over her face. Exposure to the weather had altered her complexion to a dusky red. Her nose had become sharp, and her lips thin. She had not lost her beauty, but the expression of dreamy wonder was now mingled with a concentrated air of determination, boldness, and fanaticism. The look of childish grace had left her face forever.

I went up to her, and said,—

"Sophia Vladimirovna! Is it possible that this can be you, in this disguise, and along with that man?"

She gave a sort of shudder, and stared stonily at me, as if seeking to recall who I was; then left me without answering a word and went hurriedly to her companion.

"Holy, happy virgin," began the lunatic with a sigh, "our sins, our sins —"

"Basil Niketich," she cried hastily, throwing her handkerchief over her head with one hand, and seizing him by the elbow with the other, "come away from here; come away from here at once. Do you hear me, Basil Niketich? There is danger here. Come away."

"I am coming, oh, my mother, I am coming," answered the lunatic submissively, struggling up from his seat, "but I want something just to fasten the sweet little chain with."

I ran after her, told her my name, and implored her to listen to me, if it were

only for a moment. I tried to stop her by telling her that the rain which was falling in torrents might cause her the most serious injury, and not to her only, but to her companion also. I spoke to her of her father. Nothing made the least impression upon her. An animation, at once evil and inexorable, seemed to have seized her. Without paying the slightest heed to my entreaties, with close-pressed lips and shortened breath, she urged on her insane companion, to whom she every now and then addressed some words in a low voice but with the accent of imperious command. Fitting a ragged cap upon his head and thrusting his staff into his hand, she threw his wallet over his shoulder, and then, with one arm round his body and carrying his chain with her other hand, she hurried him into the road. I had no legal right to arrest her, and, indeed, if I had had, what could I have done? She must have heard my last despairing appeal, but showed no consciousness of it. Forth she strode into the lashing rain, through the deep black mud, forcing her saint along with her. For a little while I followed the two receding figures with my eyes through the blinding downpour; then a turn of the road hid them from my sight.

I went back to my room feeling quite dazed. I could not realize the inducements which could make a wealthy and highly educated girl abandon home, family, and friends, change all the habits of her existence, and give up all that makes life easy, in order to tramp the country as the servant of a wandering madman. One idea — that of some distorted erotic fancy — I felt to be utterly out of the question. To see the pair was enough to set that at rest. She was one of those pure to whom as she had once herself reminded me in the words of inspiration, all things are pure. Her act was one I could not understand, but it was also one on which I felt myself too unworthy to pass a condemnation, any more than I dare to condemn other young souls who sacrifice everything to what they regard as the truth, to follow what they believe to be the divine voice summoning them to seek the living death of a monastery. Such a sacrifice is one which I frankly confess I can never view without some worldly regret, but it is a sacrifice to which I cannot refuse the tribute, not only of respect, but of admiration. She had been perfectly sincere when she talked to me of self-abnegation and lowliness, and to a being so high-minded to think and to act were the same

thing. She had been seeking some guide who would go before her, to show her, by the example of his own sacrifice of himself, how she could sacrifice herself. And such a guide she had indeed found. But what a guide! It had indeed been her wish to put herself while she was still alive at the door of the church, in such a position that everybody that came out and that went in might, as it were, trample her under their feet.

Some time afterwards, I heard that her family had at last found her and taken her home, but she was with them only a short while, and the history of all she must have suffered passed with her unspoken into the silence of the grave.

May she rest in peace!

As for Basil Niketich, for all I know he may still be wandering about the country. Men of that sort have constitutions of iron.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON AND QUEBEC IN 1854.

THE unsatisfactory nature of the commercial relations existing between Canada and the United States, and the futile attempts, lasting over a period of seven years, which had been from time to time made to put them upon a better footing, determined the English government, in the spring of 1854, to intrust the Earl of Elgin, then governor-general of Canada, with a special mission to Washington, with instructions to negotiate a treaty of commercial reciprocity between the two countries. I was waiting in London in daily expectation of being sent to Constantinople on diplomatic service in connection with the expedition which was then leaving the shores of England for the Crimea, when I received an offer from Lord Elgin to join his mission as his secretary; and as it seemed likely to be of very short duration, I gladly accepted it, not then anticipating that it would lead to other duties in Canada. Our party, on leaving England, consisted only of Lord Elgin; Mr. Hincks, then prime minister of Canada, afterwards Sir Francis Hincks; Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.; and myself; but at New York we were joined by the Hon. Colonel Bruce, and one or two Canadians, whose advice and assist

ance in the commercial questions to be treated were of value.

We happened to arrive at Washington on a day which, as it afterwards turned out, was pregnant with fate to the destinies of the republic, for upon the same night the celebrated Nebraska Bill was carried in Congress, the effect of which was to open an extensive territory to slavery, and to intensify the burning question which was to find its final solution seven years later in a bloody civil war.

We found the excitement so great upon our arrival in Washington in the afternoon, that after a hurried meal we went to the Capitol to see the vote taken. I shall never forget the scene presented by the house. The galleries were crammed with spectators, largely composed of ladies, and the vacant spaces on the floor of the house crowded with visitors. The final vote was taken amid great enthusiasm, a hundred guns being fired in celebration of an event which, to those endowed with foresight, could not be called auspicious. I remember a few nights afterwards meeting a certain Senator Tombs at a large dinner given by one of the most prominent members of Congress — who has since filled the office of secretary of state — in Lord Elgin's honor. It was a grand banquet, at which all the guests were men, with the exception of the wife of our host. He himself belonged to the Republican, or, as it was then more generally called, the Whig party. Notwithstanding the divergence of political opinion among many of those present, the merits of the all-absorbing measure, and its probable effects upon the destinies of the nation, were being discussed freely. Senator Tombs, a violent Democrat, was a large pompous man, with a tendency, not uncommon among American politicians, to "orate" rather than to converse in society. He waited for a pause in the discussion, and then, addressing Lord Elgin in stentorian tones, remarked, *à propos* of the engrossing topic, —

"Yes, my lord, we are about to relume the torch of liberty upon the altar of slavery."

Upon which our hostess, with a winning smile, and in the most silvery accents imaginable, said, —

"Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that again, senator; for I told my husband you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman!"

The shout of laughter which greeted this sally abashed even the worthy senator, which was the more gratifying to those present, as to do so was an achievement not easily accomplished.

When the war broke out, Senator Tombs was among the fiercest and most uncompromising partisans of the South. He was one of the members of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, and I believe only succeeded with some difficulty, at the conclusion of hostilities, in making his escape from the South. He remained to the last a prominent political figure, and only died quite recently.

It was the height of the season when we were at Washington, and our arrival imparted a new impetus to the festivities, and gave rise to the taunt, after the treaty was concluded, by those who were opposed to it, that "it had been floated through on champagne." Without altogether admitting this, there can be no doubt that, in the hands of a skilful diplomatist, that beverage is not without its value. Looking through an old journal, I find the following specimen entry : —

"May 26. — Luncheon at 2 P.M. at Senator F.'s. Sat between a Whig and a Democrat senator, who alternately poured abolitionism and the divine origin of slavery into the ear they commanded. I am getting perfectly stunned with harangues upon political questions I don't understand, and confused with the nomenclature appropriate to each. Besides Whigs and Democrats, there are Hard Shells and Soft Shells, and Free-Soilers, and Disunionists, and Federals, to say nothing of filibusters, pollywogs, and a host of other nicknames. One of my neighbors, discoursing on one of these varied issues, told me that he went the whole hog. He was the least favorable specimen of a senator I have seen, and I felt inclined to tell him that he looked the animal he went, but smiled appreciatively instead. There were, however, some interesting men present, — among them Colonel Fremont, a spare wiry man with a keen grey eye, and a face expressing great determination, but most sympathetic withal; and a senator from Washington Territory, which involves a journey of seventy days each way; and another from Florida, who, from his account of the country, represents principally alligators; and Colonel Benton, who is writing a great work, and is 'quite a fine man'; and the governor of Wisconsin, whose State has increased in ten years from thirty to five hundred thousand, and who told me that

he 'met a man the other day who had travelled over the whole globe, and examined it narrowly with an eye to its agricultural capabilities, and who therefore was an authority not to be disputed; and this man had positively asserted that he had never in any country seen fifty square miles to equal that extent in the State of Wisconsin — and therefore it was quite clear that no spot equal to it was to be found in creation.' As various other patriots have informed me that their respective States are each thus singularly favored, I am beginning to feel puzzled as to which really is the most fertile spot on the face of the habitable globe. After two hours and a half of this style of conversation, abundantly irrigated with champagne, it was a relief to go to a *matinée dansante* at the French minister's."

Here follow remarks upon the belles of that period at Washington, which, though they are for the most part complimentary, are not to the purpose, more especially as they were the result of a crude and youthful, and not of a matured judgment.

"Got away from the French minister's just in time to dress for dinner at the president's. More senators and politics, and champagne, and Hard Shells and Soft Shells. I much prefer the marine soft-shell crab, with which I here made acquaintance for the first time, to the political one. Then with a select party of senators, all of whom were opposed in principle to the treaty, to Governor A.'s, where we imbibed more champagne and swore eternal friendship, carefully avoided the burning question, and listened to stories good, bad, and indifferent, till 2 A.M., when, after twelve hours of incessant entertainment, we went home to bed thoroughly exhausted."

Meantime, to my inexperienced mind no progress was being made in our mission. Lord Elgin had announced its object on his arrival to the president and the secretary of state, and had been informed by them that it was quite hopeless to think that any such treaty as he proposed could be carried through, with the opposition which existed to it on the part of the Democrats, who had a majority in the Senate, without the ratification of which body no treaty could be concluded. His lordship was further assured, however, that if he could overcome this opposition, he would find no difficulties on the part of the government. At last, after several days of uninterrupted festivity, I began to see what we were driving at. To make quite sure, I said one day to my chief, —

"I find all my most intimate friends are Democratic senators."

"So do I," he replied drily; and indeed his popularity among them at the end of a week had become unbounded; and the best evidence of it was that they ceased to feel any restraint in his company, and often exhibited traits of Western manners unhampered by conventional trammels. Lord Elgin's faculty of brilliant repartee and racy anecdote especially delighted them; and one evening, after a grand dinner, he was persuaded to accompany a group of senators, among whom I remember Senator Mason — afterwards of Mason and Slidell notoriety — and Senator Tombs figured, to the house of a popular and very influential politician, there to prolong the entertainment into the small hours. Our host, at whose door we knocked at midnight, was in bed; but much thundering at it at length roused him, and he himself opened to us, appearing in nothing but a very short nightshirt.

"All right, boys," he said, at once divining the object of our visit; "you go in, and I'll go down and get the drink;" and without stopping to array himself more completely, he disappeared into the nether regions, shortly returning with his arms filled with bottles of champagne, on the top of which were two huge lumps of ice. These he left with us to deal with, while he retired to clothe the nether portion of his person. He was a dear old gentleman, somewhat of the Lincoln type, and had the merit of being quite sober, which some of the others of the party were not, and though thus roughly roused from his first sleep, expressed himself highly delighted with our visit. He was, moreover, evidently a great character, and many were the anecdotes told about him in his own presence, all bearing testimony to his goodness of heart and readiness of wit. At last one of the party, in a fit of exuberant enthusiasm and excessive champagne, burst out, —

"As for our dear old friend the governor here, I tell you, Lord Elgin," — the accent was frequently laid on the last syllable, and the *g* in Elgin pronounced soft, — "he is a perfect king in his own country. There ain't a man in Mussoorie dar say a word against him; if any of your darned English lords was to go down there and dar to, he'd tell them —" here followed an expression which propriety compels me to omit, and which completely scandalized our worthy host.

"That's a lie," he said, turning on his

guest, but without changing his voice, as he slowly rolled his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other. "I can blaspheme and profane, and rip, and snort with any man; but I never make use of a vulgar expression."

The impoliteness of the allusion to the British aristocracy, in Lord Elgin's presence, which called forth this strong asseveration on the part of the governor, also evoked many profuse apologies from some of the others present, who maintained that, if all English lords were like him, and would become naturalized Americans, they would "run the country;" and that, so far as he was individually concerned, it was a thousand pities he had not been born an American, and thus been eligible for the presidency. Certainly it would not have been difficult to be more eligible for that high office than the respectable gentleman who then filled it. Of all presidents, I suppose none were more insignificant than Mr. Pierce, who was occupying the White House at the time of our visit; while in his secretary of state, Mr. Marcy, we found a genial and somewhat comical old gentleman, whose popularity with his countrymen seemed chiefly to rest on the fact that he had once charged the United States government fifty cents "for repairing his breeches," when sent on a mission to inquire into certain accounts in which great irregularities were reported to have taken place.

Thirty-two years have doubtless worked a great change in Washington society, as indeed it has upon the nation generally, and more especially upon the eastern cities since I first knew them. Then, Washington, "the city of magnificent distances," struck me as a howling wilderness of deserted streets running out into the country, and ending nowhere, its population consisting chiefly of politicians and negroes. Now, it is developing rather into a city of palaces, and becoming a fashionable centre during the winter for the *élite* of society, from all parts of the United States. Its population is growing rapidly under the new impetus thus received, and it will in all probability ultimately become the handsomest and most agreeable place of residence in the country. At the time of our visit Sir Philip Crampton was British minister at Washington, and under his hospitable roof I remember meeting Lincoln, and being struck by his gaunt figure, and his quaint and original mode of expression. There were other types which were equally novel. In another entry in my journal I find:—

"Dined last night with rather a singular houseful of people. The master of the house was a senator, and at the same time a Methodist preacher and a teetotaller. Consequently, although we were twenty at dinner, we had nothing to drink but iced water. His wife was a spirit medium, and in constant communion with the upper or lower world, as the case may be. His daughter, whom I had the honor of taking in to dinner, was a bloomer, her skirt reaching to a little below the knee; she told me she never wore any other costume. Her appearance struck me as eminently fantastic; but that possibly was due to prejudice on my part. Her husband I understood to be an avowed disbeliever, not only in his mother-in-law's communications with the invisible world, but in that world itself, or any Creator of any world. So that the *ménage* rather suggested the idea of the happy family of animals, exhibited by showmen. However, they seemed to get on very well together, perhaps because they all agreed about the Nebraska Bill, which is the only subject upon which people really quarrel."

I cannot convey a better idea of the effect produced upon society by our festive proceedings at Washington than by quoting the following extract from a paper at the time describing the ball given by Sir Philip Crampton in honor of the queen's birthday:—

As for the ladies present, our pen fairly falters in the attempt to do justice to their charms. Our artists and *modistes* had racked their brains, and exhausted their magazines of dainty and costly fabrics, in order to convince the world in general, and the English people in particular, that the sovereign fair ones of Washington regarded their sister sovereign of England with feelings, not only of "the most distinguished consideration," but of downright love, admiration, and respect,—*love*, for the woman—*admiration*, for the wife of the handsomest man in Europe—and *respect*, for the mother of nine babies. More was accomplished last evening in the way of negotiation than has been accomplished from the days of Ashburton to the advent of Elgin. We regard the fishery question as settled, both parties having partaken freely of the bait so liberally provided by the noble host.

Amid the soft footfalls of fairy feet—the glittering of jewels—the graceful sweep of \$500 dresses—the sparkling of eyes which shot forth alternately flashes of lightning and love—there were two gentlemen who appeared to be the "observed of all observers." One was the Earl of Elgin, and the other Sir Charles Gray. Lord Elgin is a short, stout gentleman, on the shady side of forty, and is decidedly John Bullish in walk, talk, appear-

ance, and carriage. His face, although round and full, beams with intellect, good feeling, and good-humor. His manners are open, frank, and winning. Sir Charles Gray is a much larger man than his noble countryman, being both taller and stouter. He is about sixty years of age, and his manners are particularly grave and dignified.

The large and brilliant company broke up at a late hour, and departed for their respective homes, — pleased with their courtly and courteous host; pleased with the monarchical form of government in England; pleased with the republican form of government in the United States; pleased with each other, themselves, and the rest of mankind.

At last, after we had been receiving the hospitalities at Washington for about ten days, Lord Elgin announced to Mr. Marcy, that if the government were prepared to adhere to their promise to conclude a treaty of reciprocity with Canada, he could assure the president that he would find a majority of the Senate in its favor, including several prominent Democrats. Mr. Marcy could scarcely believe his ears, and was so much taken aback that I somewhat doubted the desire to make the treaty, which he so strongly expressed on the occasion of Lord Elgin's first interview with him when he also pronounced it hopeless. However, steps had been taken which made it impossible for him to doubt that the necessary majority had been secured, and nothing remained for us but to go into the details of the tariff, the enumeration of the articles of commerce, and so forth. A thorny question was intimately associated with the discussion of this treaty, which was settled by it for the time; and this was the question of the fisheries off the coast of British North America, claimed by American fishermen. This vexed subject, which was reopened by the abrogation of the treaty, has recently been the matter of protracted negotiation between the English and American governments; which, however, has proved so imperfect that serious disputes are daily arising, which it will require all the tact and forbearance of the English and American governments to arrange amicably.

For the next three days I was as busily engaged in work as I had been for the previous ten at play; but the matter had to be put through with a rush, as Lord Elgin was due at the seat of his government. And perhaps, under the circumstances, we succeeded better so than had longer time been allowed the other side for reflection. As it was, the worthy old secretary of state was completely taken

by surprise. I will venture to quote the description I wrote at the time of the signing of the treaty, and ask the reader to make allowance for the style of mock heroics, and attribute it to the exuberance of youth: —

"It was in the dead of night, during the last five minutes of the 5th of June, and the first five minutes of the 6th of the month aforesaid, that four individuals might have been observed seated in a spacious chamber lighted by six wax candles and an Argand lamp. Their faces were expressive of deep and earnest thought, not unmixed with suspicion. Their feelings, however, to the acute observer, manifested themselves in different ways; but this was natural, as two were in the bloom of youth, one in the sear and yellow leaf, and one in the prime of middle age. This last it is whose measured tones alone break the silence of midnight, except when one or other of the younger auditors, who are both poring intently over voluminous MSS., interrupts him to interpolate an 'and' or erase a 'the.' They are, in fact, checking him as he reads; and the aged man listens, while he picks his teeth with a pair of scissors, or cleans out the wick of a candle with their points, which he afterwards wipes on his grey hair. He may occasionally be observed to wink, either from conscious 'cuteness' or unconscious drowsiness. Presently the clock strikes twelve, and there is a doubt whether the date should be to-day or yesterday. There is a moment of solemn silence, when the reader, having finished the document, lays it down, and takes a pen which had been previously impressively dipped in the ink by the most intelligent-looking of the young men, who appears to be his 'secretary,' and who keeps his eye warily fixed upon the other young man, who occupies the same relation to the aged listener with the scissors.

"There is something strangely mysterious and suggestive in the scratching of that midnight pen, for it may be scratching fortunes or ruin to toiling millions. Then the venerable statesman takes up the pen to append his signature. His hand does not shake, though he is very old, and knows the abuse that is in store for him from members of Congress and an enlightened press. That hand, it is said, is not all unused to a revolver; and it does not now waver, though the word he traces may be an invoker of a revolver again. He is now secretary of state; before that, he was a judge of the

Supreme Court; before that, a general in the army; before that, governor of a State; before that, secretary of war; before that, minister in Mexico; before that, a member of the House of Representatives; before that, a politician; before that, a cabinet-maker. He ends, as he began, with cabinet work; and he is not, at his time of life and with his varied experiences, afraid either of the wrath of his countrymen or the wiles of an English lord. So he gives us his blessing and the treaty duly signed; and I retire to dream of its contents, and to listen in my troubled sleep to the perpetually recurring refrain of the three impressive words with which the pregnant document concludes, 'Unmanufactured tobacco, rags'!"

Thus was concluded in exactly a fortnight a treaty, to negotiate which had taxed the inventive genius of the Foreign Office and all the conventional methods of diplomacy for the previous seven years, and which, as it has since proved, has been of enormous commercial advantage to the two countries to which it was to be applied. A reference to figures will furnish the most satisfactory evidence on this point.

In 1853, the year prior to our mission to Washington, the trade of Canada with the United States amounted to \$20,000,000, as recently given from correct data, by the *Toronto Mail*. In 1854 the treaty commenced to operate, and the volume of trade at once increased to \$33,000,000. In 1855, it was \$42,000,000; in 1857, \$46,000,000; in 1859, \$48,000,000; in 1863, \$55,000,000; in 1864, \$67,000,000; in 1865, \$70,000,000; and in 1866, the year the treaty was abrogated by the action of the American government, it had reached the high figure of \$84,000,000. It had thus nearly quadrupled in the course of twelve years under the action of the treaty, which the Americans erroneously believed to be so much more to the advantage of the Canadians than of themselves, that they seized the earliest available opportunity, after the term fixed for its expiry, to abrogate it,—a measure dictated, I fear, rather by sentiments of jealousy than of political economy, and from which the States suffer certainly as much if not more than Canada, whose trade with the mother country has latterly undergone considerable development in consequence.

The brilliant and dashing manner in which Lord Elgin achieved this remarkable diplomatic triumph, apparently certain of his game from the first, and playing

it throughout with the easy confidence of assured success, made a profound impression upon me—an impression which I had no reason to modify throughout a subsequent intimate association with him of three years in two hemispheres, during which he was nearly all the time engaged in confronting difficulties and overcoming obstacles which I used to think to any other man would have seemed insurmountable. As one by one they melted before his subtle touch, my confidence in his profound sagacity and his undaunted moral courage became unbounded; and I could enter into the feelings of soldiers whose general never led them to anything but victory. It was both a pleasure and a profit to serve such a man; a pleasure, because he was the kindest and most considerate of chiefs, a profit, because one could learn so much by watching his methods, which indeed he was always ready to discuss and explain to those who occupied confidential relations towards him. By his premature death the country lost one of its most conscientious and ablest public servants, one whose services, and whose great capacity for rendering them, have never received their just recognition at the hands of his countrymen.

Our progress from New York to Canada was triumphal. On our arrival by a special train at Portland, Maine, we were received with the thunder of salutes, and went in procession to the house of one of the leading citizens, with bands of music, and flags, and escorts, mounted and on foot, the whole of the gallant militia having turned out to do Lord Elgin honor. A characteristic incident occurred prior to our starting for a banquet at the city hall. While we were assembled in the drawing-room of our host, a tray with various kinds of wines and spirits was brought in, and our hospitable entertainer remarked, —

" You'll have to take your liquor in here, gentlemen; for I guess you'll get none where we're going to. We've got a liquor law in Maine, you know," he added, with a sly look at the tray.

Drinking all you want before dinner is not a satisfactory way of "taking it in." However, we made the best of it, and soon found ourselves seated at a table plentifully supplied with tumblers of water, at which were two hundred guests. I am bound to say, considering the absence of stimulants, there was no lack of noise and merriment; and when dinner was over, speeches followed in rapid suc-

cession, in response to toasts and sentiments. Lord Elgin was *facile princeps* in this respect, and his speeches provoked enthusiastic applause. He brought down the house by a retort upon one of the speakers whose good taste was not equal to his patriotism, and who took the opportunity of comparing the position and functions of the governor of a State with those of the governor-general of Canada, much to the disparagement of the latter. Alluding in one of his speeches to the uncomplimentary parallel thus drawn, Lord Elgin said he would narrate an anecdote. In the course of his travels in the United States he had one day found himself next a stage-driver, with whom he entered into conversation as to the political parties in the States. The driver informed him that the majority in the State was Whig, but that the governor of it was a Democrat.

"How comes that about, if the majority are Whigs?" inquired Lord Elgin.

"Oh," replied the driver, "we traded the governor off against the land agent."

"Now, gentlemen," pursued his lordship, amid loud laughter, "you could not trade the governor-general of Canada off against any land agent."

All the way from the Canadian frontier to Montreal, arches were erected, addresses presented, and all the paraphernalia of a triumphal progress exhibited. British troops lined the streets of Montreal, and a large procession attended the party to the hotel; but we did not linger here, and pushed on without delay to the seat of government.

POLITICS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

I DO not remember ever having been more vividly impressed by the beauties of nature than on that lovely spring morning, when, in order to avoid any more demonstrations, we landed unostentatiously from the steamer in which we had descended the St. Lawrence, at the foot of the beautiful grounds which encircle Spencerwood, then the residence of the governor-general. Although it was the 11th of June, the trees were still in their spring garb of tender green; there was a delicious stillness in the air, and a peculiar clearness and brilliancy in the light with which the landscape was flooded, which enhanced its own rare beauty; and as I now knew that I was to be a dweller here for some months, I was enchanted by the sort of fairyland that was to be my future residence. For within the last twenty-four

hours a new prospect had dawned upon me. Although our Washington treaty was completed, I was not, as I had originally anticipated, to return at once to England, after accompanying Lord Elgin to Canada, but to enter upon new functions for which I was altogether unprepared. The exigencies of the service compelled Lord Elgin's brother, Colonel Bruce, who had hitherto filled the office of civil secretary of Canada and superintendent-general of Indian affairs, to join his regiment in the Crimea, and I was appointed to succeed him. The department of Indian affairs was then under imperial control. It has, since confederation, been handed over to the Dominion.

The novelty of the functions I was now called upon suddenly to assume, invested my new position with great interest. I soon began to realize this by the style of the correspondence which poured in upon me. First came a letter to the queen from an Indian tribe, expressing to their "Great Mother across the Big Lake" their sympathy with the war in the Crimea, and the desire of the warriors to participate in it; and another addressed to myself, in which the "red skins" write to their "great brother who lives towards the sunrising, to express their confidence in his administrative talents, which alone reconciles them to the loss of their good brother [Colonel Bruce], who is now upon the war path." The colonel's paternal administration had rendered him very popular. No doubt his being a warrior by profession was also a point in his favor; and I feared that they would consider me little better than a squaw, while their confidence in my administrative talents had about as solid a basis of knowledge as their sympathy with the objects for which the Crimean war was undertaken. The important political events which transpired immediately on our arrival in Canada, obliged me, however, to suppress for the present the desire which began to consume me to make a closer acquaintance with my red brothers, to visit the industrial schools which my predecessor had established, and to smoke the "calumet of peace" with them in their wigwams.

Lord Elgin's first act upon arriving at Quebec was to open Parliament in state. The number of British troops in those days quartered in Quebec rendered this a very imposing ceremony, as the streets were lined with them. The striking feature in the procession was the state carriage in which I accompanied the govern-

or-general to the House, the panels of which were gaping with cracks and splits, inflicted upon them by the mob of Montreal on the occasion when they stoned his Excellency some years before, and burned down the Parliament Houses. The carriage had never been repaired since that event, in order that it might serve to remind the populace of the measure to which they had resorted in order to give vent to their feelings. Until that time the party in power had been the Tories, or loyalists, who found themselves in a minority on the occasion of the passing of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and who expressed their indignation on being turned out of office to make way for those who commanded the Parliamentary majority, by these acts of violence. They had been out of office for about six years, during which time the leaders of the party had resented the constitutional conduct of the governor general so keenly, that many of them had ever since refused to set foot in Government House, and even neglected to salute his Excellency in the street. It was only as the result of the somewhat exciting events upon which we were now entering, that they finally came to understand that Lord Elgin did not allow himself to be influenced by personal sympathies, and was determined to give effect to a Parliamentary majority, of whomsoever it might be composed. After several days' debate the government was beaten on an amendment to the address, and ministers determined to go to the country. Lord Elgin came down a week after he had opened the House to prorogue it, when a somewhat exciting episode occurred. When the Commons were sent for, they refused to come. The pause was in the highest degree embarrassing. The legislative chamber, filled with an audience *en grande tenue*, Lord Elgin seated on the throne, a silence, broken only by a whispering and tittering which did not add to the dignity of the situation, — all contributed to form a unique political situation. At last, after the lapse of nearly half an hour, the speaker of the Lower House, who had been engaged drawing up a protest against the course which was being adopted, appeared, supported by a large body of members, and read it — a proceeding which the governor-general promptly met by declaring the House dissolved; and for the next few days a state of feverish excitement pervaded political circles, the opposition declaring the whole course of proceeding to be unconstitutional, and the local opposition press teeming with abusive articles denouncing a tyranny which had deprived them of their liberties.

Altogether the month had been in the highest degree exciting and eventful; for in the short space of four weeks, Lord Elgin had negotiated and signed a treaty with the American government, made a triumphal progress from Boston to Quebec, opened the Canadian Parliament, prorogued and dissolved it. But though the difficulty had been overcome, so far as any opposition to the treaty at Washington was concerned, it had still to receive the assent of all the colonial legislatures. In Nova Scotia especially it was unpopular, owing to the fishery clauses; and it required the exercise of all the authority and tact of the governor-general to force the adoption of a measure to which, as it afterwards turned out, that colony owed a greater degree of prosperity than it has ever enjoyed before or since. In 1869, or four years after the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was abrogated, the *Halifax* remarks: —

From the making of the Reciprocity Treaty until its abrogation, Nova Scotia increased in wealth and population at a most extraordinary rate. From its abrogation until the present, we have retrograded with the most frightful rapidity. Want of a good market has depreciated the value of our coal-mines — has nearly pauperized our fishermen, farmers, and miners; and should this want not be supplied in the only way it can be, by a new treaty with the United States, Nova Scotia will in five years be one of the least desirable countries to live in on this continent.

This quotation affords an interesting illustration of the incompetence of the popular judgment to arrive at accurate conclusions in matters affecting the public interests; for I can bear personal testimony to the furious opposition which the treaty encountered from all-classes in the province, from the lieutenant-governor downwards, at the time it was proposed, and of the conviction generally entertained that it would prove the ruin of the colony. Under these circumstances the final result was satisfactory beyond our most sanguine expectations, as may be gathered from the fact that the treaty ultimately passed through the Congress of the United States and through the colonial legislatures of Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, with a total of only twenty-one dissentient votes. Had Canada then been confederated, as it was fourteen years later, the task would have been

much easier. It is the fashion of some Canadians to decry the measure which united the North American colonies into a Dominion, because jealousies still exist and local interests still conflict; but the very fact that this is so, is an evidence that without confederation these jealousies would have been far more bitter, as indeed they were prior to the measure, and the interests come into sharper conflict, as they do in Australia, where the energies of the separate and rival colonies have been employed to a large extent in inflicting commercial injury upon each other. What is needed in Canada is an imperial officer, who might still be called civil secretary, and be attached to the governor-general's staff, and whose functions should be partly political and partly diplomatic. At present, when delicate questions arise between the confederated provinces, involving a special mission and local treatment, the settlement has necessarily to be intrusted to an agent appointed by the Dominion government—which means an agent of the political party then in power; and whatever arrangement he may make is certain to be objected to by the opposition.

Had such an officer existed, it is probable that neither the British Columbia nor the North-West questions would have assumed the proportions they did; that Newfoundland would ere this have been included in the confederation; that the discontent now existing in Nova Scotia might have been appeased; and that the fishery and other questions which are still outstanding with the United States would have obtained a satisfactory solution. I received assurances from leading members of the Dominion government only a few years ago, that so far from being opposed to the idea of availing themselves of the good offices of an imperial functionary of this kind, they would even be prepared to contribute to his salary, which could be added to from funds drawn from the Foreign and Colonial Offices at home. In these days, when the idea of imperial federation has assumed such prominence, such appointments, calculated rather to soothe than to wound sensibilities, would form additional *traits d'union* between the mother country and her dependencies.

The excitement into which the whole country was thrown by a ministerial defeat, and a general election so unexpected, created a social and political lull in Quebec itself, which I was thankful to avail myself of, in order to pay a round of visits to my "red children." This duty was emi-

nently to my taste; it involved diving into the depths of the backwoods, bark-canoeing on distant and silent lakes or down foaming rivers, where the fishing was splendid, the scenery most romantic, and camp-life at this season of the year—for it was now the height of summer—most enjoyable. It was a prolonged picnic, with just enough duty thrown in to deprive it of any character of selfishness. There were schools to inspect, councils to be held, tribal disputes to be adjusted, presents to be distributed, and, in one case, a treaty to be made. At nearly all the stations there was a school or mission-house of some kind, and here the meeting of the warriors and the young braves with their "father" took place; and as I had barely attained the age of five-and-twenty when these paternal responsibilities were thrust upon me, the incongruity of my relation towards them, I am afraid, presented itself somewhat forcibly to the minds of the veterans on these occasions. It was a novel and exhilarating experience to paddle up in a sort of rude state at the head of a train of canoes, and to be received by volleys from rifles and fowling-pieces by way of a salute from all the members of the tribe collected on the margin of the lake or river, as the case might be, to receive me. Then they would form in line and file past me, every man, woman, and child shaking hands as they did so, and in solemn procession escort me up to the place of meeting,—when, if it was a chapel, I mounted into the pulpit, and solemnly lighting a pipe, waited till my audience were all seated on their heels and had lighted theirs, before entering upon the business of the hour. This generally terminated in a lecture upon temperance and industry; for their love of spirituous liquors and their inveterate indolence are the curse of these poor people, and render them an easy prey to the more unscrupulous class of white settlers, who systematically carry on a process of demoralization, with the view to their extermination, a result which is being rapidly achieved. I do not know whether my efforts to convince them that they were themselves their own worst enemies, procured for me the name of Pah Dab Sung, or "the Coming Sun"—possibly from the light I was expected to throw upon the subject.

My two most interesting experiences in connection with my brief administration of Indian affairs in Canada, were the distribution of annual presents upon the island of Manitoulin, and a treaty which

I succeeded in negotiating with a tribe which owned an extensive tract of territory upon the shores of Lake Huron. Manitoulin, which is over a hundred miles in length, is said to be the largest fresh-water island in the world, and was destined by a former governor-general of Canada — Sir Francis Bond Head — as an eligible territory on which to make the experiment of collecting Indians, with a view to their permanent settlement and civilization. It has not succeeded, however, and at the time of my visit was the rendezvous of thousands of Indians belonging to many different tribes, who, with their whole families, congregated here to receive blankets, agricultural implements, and other presents which it was hoped would conduce to their welfare. These, correctly speaking, were not presents, as they were purchased from funds in the hands of the Indian department, whose principal function it was to invest the large sums of money which had accrued to the Indians from the sale of their land to white settlers, and to apply the interest to their advantage. The collection of birch-bark wigwams which surrounded the little harbor where I landed looked like a huge camp, and in these were huddled a swarm of dirty occupants, some of them having travelled hither from a great distance, miserably clad in frousy blankets and skins. Here and there were fine-looking picturesque figures, more gaudily decorated with paints and feathers; but, taking them as a whole, I know of no nomads — and I have seen Calmuck Tartars, Kirghiez, Bedouins, and gypsies — who present a more poverty-stricken and degraded appearance than did the majority of my red children. I was the more disappointed with them in their savage state, because I expected an improvement upon their semi-civilized brethren, with whom I had hitherto come in contact. I believe the annual congregation of Indians on this island, and distribution of presents among them, has been discontinued by the Dominion government.

The occupation by the Indians of large tracts of country eligible for settlement by whites, which they reserved as hunting-grounds, from which they got nothing but a few foxes and musk-rats, was a fruitful source of trouble to the department, as settlers were constantly unlawfully squatting upon them, who had to be driven off. The largest and only remaining one of these in the immediate vicinity of a thickly settled district, was called the Sangeen Peninsula, a promontory extend-

ing into Lake Huron, and containing about half a million acres of fine land. I determined to try to induce the tribe to which this extensive tract belonged, and who practically derived no revenue from it, to make a cession of it to the government for the purpose of having it sold in lots to white settlers, the whole of the proceeds to belong to the tribe, which would thus become one of the wealthiest in the country. In order to do this, it was necessary to undertake an expedition to a remote, and, in those days, very inaccessible spot. My journey involved sundry adventures by flood and fell, for I was nearly wrecked in a small boat coasting along the shore of Lake Huron, and lost in a swamp while endeavoring to follow the Indian trail through the forest, where sometimes we only had the blaze — or places where the trees had been scored with an axe — to guide us.

On my arrival at my destination, I found all the males of the tribe collected in a chapel where a native catechist acted as interpreter, the tribe being a branch of the Chippeways. In order not to lose time, the meeting was convened for 7 P.M., on the evening of my arrival. As usual I opened the proceedings with a pipe and a speech from the pulpit, the twelve elders of the tribe sitting immediately below me on the ground, each with his pipe, and forming the front row of a crowd of squatting men, all smoking. My address was frequently interrupted by what Fenimore Cooper calls "expressive ughs;" and the grunts and murmurs of the audience, expressive of their disagreement with my proposal, were not encouraging. A pause of at least ten minutes ensued after I had finished, during which they all smoked vigorously. Then their principal chief rose, and in an energetic speech set forth his objections, which were received with grunts of approval by the majority. Then another chief rose, who seemed to be a man of some weight, and delivered himself forcibly in the opposite sense. In the course of his remarks he made some observations apparently of a character uncomplimentary to the previous speaker, for a fierce wrangle ensued, in which many took part, and in which, when I came to understand it, I occasionally joined, adding, by the advice of the catechist, fuel to the fire. When the atmosphere had become sufficiently stormy, — it was already so smoky that I could not see across the room, but perhaps that was partly owing to its being illuminated only by a couple of tallow dips,

— I, again by the advice of my interpreter, retired, “to let them fight it out,” which, as he afterwards assured me, they did literally with their fists. As he believed himself to be pecuniarily interested, he remained to take part in the *mélée*—a course of proceeding which I left him to reconcile with his own conscience as a religious teacher. I reconciled it to mine by the fact that my efforts were being directed entirely in the interests of the Indians themselves, which they were too stupid to understand.

It was past midnight when the catechist summoned me from the little outhouse in which I had been waiting, with the welcome intelligence that all the difficulties had been overcome, and that the chiefs expressed themselves ready to consent to the proposed arrangement. It seemed to be my fate, while in America, to assist at the signing of midnight treaties; but on this occasion the scene was infinitely more novel and picturesque than on the previous one. Round a table below the pulpit, which was covered with papers and maps, crowded a wild-looking group of Indians, in blankets and leggings and moccasins, with their bare arms and long straight black hair. Twelye of these placed their totems opposite my signature, each totem consisting of the rude representation of a bear, a deer, a rat, an otter, or some other wild animal.

It was one o’clock in the morning before I set out with a light heart, for I had the treaty in my pocket, on a two-mile tramp through the forest in pitchy darkness to the rude tavern at Southampton, then the extreme outpost of civilization, which did duty for a lodging; but it was not to find rest. The Indians all followed me; and my host, in anticipation of my triumphant return, had exhausted the resources of the place in preparing a grand meal for me, to which we—Indians and all, with a sprinkling of whites attracted by the excitement of the event—sat down at 4 A.M. The Indians, so lately at loggerheads, now became reconciled over copious libations of whiskey, under the influence of which there was a general fraternization with the whites as well, who were in high spirits at the prospect of so much new territory being opened up to settlement, and who offered to give me a banquet if I would only prolong my stay a day; but on my declining this, the whole crowd, red and white, when day broke, accompanied me to the river, and gave me three cheers as I ferried across it on my return journey.

By means of the revenue derived from

this cession of Indian territory, I was enabled to reorganize the whole financial system of the Indian Department, and to effect a clear saving to the imperial exchequer of £13,000 a year,—an economy with which Lord Taunton, then colonial minister, expressed himself so well satisfied, that he was kind enough to offer me small lieutenant governorship in the West Indies, which I should have gratefully accepted had it not been for my preference for diplomatic work, and desire to go to the seat of war in the Crimea.

The most distant Indian settlement I visited was in the immediate neighborhood of Lake Superior. Finding myself so far west, I determined to return by a very roundabout way, for the purpose of seeing some of the country to the west of the lake. My companions were Lord Bury, who had been for some time previous Lord Elgin’s guest at Quebec, and Messrs. Petre and Clifford, whom we met on Lake Superior, and with whom we made a bark canoe voyage from the western end of the lake to the head-waters of the Mississippi, coming down that river to Dubuque, from which place we crossed the prairies of Illinois to Chicago, then a rising young city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants, and so by way of Niagara back to Quebec,—a trip which afforded me material for a book at the time,* and which is interesting now to look back upon as furnishing the recollection of a country in which the Indian and the buffalo still roamed, where the scream of the locomotive was then unheard, and where not an acre of land was taken up by a white settler. It is now a thickly peopled region, from which Indians and buffaloes have alike retired, and where the traveller, instead of poling up a river in a bark canoe, can fly across the country by train, and look forward at night to a comfortable hotel, instead of the turf for a bed, and a lean to of pine branches for a shelter.

In view of the future which I saw for the country, I bought a town lot at the city of Superior, which then consisted of one log shanty and a tent, and to find which I had to wade up to my knees in water, and cut my way to it with a billhook. The city of Superior rose at one time to contain about twelve hundred inhabitants; then was victimized by a political intrigue, and, to use the expressive phrase of a citizen, “bust up flat,” so that the cottage which I had built upon my

* Minnesota and the Far West. By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons: 1855.

lot, and which, had I been wise enough to sell it at one moment, would have realized a handsome profit, became worthless, and I had to sell the doors and windows to pay the taxes, for the place was deserted. Five years ago a slow upward movement commenced, and I accepted an offer which exactly covered the money expended upon it during the previous five-and-twenty years. Since then, I believe it has come under the influence of what is called "a boom," and the purchaser is in possession of a property which will yield him a large return. Such are the ups and downs of western towns, and of people who speculate in them.

The Canadian elections had been completed during my absence from Quebec, and Lord Elgin opened the new Parliament a few days after my return. I found that I arrived just in time for another political crisis, as the elections had resulted unfavorably for the government. The two great questions which it was Lord Elgin's great ambition to settle before closing his term of office, were the abolition of seigneurial tenure and the secularization of the clergy reserves, which, in his speech from the throne, he recommended to the attention of the House. To the settlement of both these questions in the popular sense, the opposition, or Tory party, had been vigorously opposed. When, therefore, the government was beaten on the election of the speaker, the fate of these measures seemed somewhat critical. I was peculiarly fortunately situated for watching the progress of the Parliamentary proceedings, and the crisis resulting therefrom. By virtue of my office, I had a seat on the floor of the House, without, however, the right of voting or of speaking, except to offer explanations in the event of any question affecting the Indians coming up. I was thus present at all the debates, and on excellent terms with the leaders of both Parliamentary parties. In fact I had practically all the fun of being a member of the House without any of the responsibilities, and after the vote on the speaker was taken, had sundry confidential meetings in the small hours of the morning with the prominent men on both sides, the result of which was, that I could not resist, in my excitement, waking the governor-general up at 5 A. M. to inform him of the defeat of the government, and what I had learned since. The day following, the prime minister placed his resignation in his Excellency's hands; and to the great astonishment of the public, as well as to his own,

Sir Allan M'Nab, who had been one of his bitterest opponents ever since the Montreal events, was sent for to form a ministry — Lord Elgin by this act satisfactorily disproving the charge of having either personal or political partialities in the selection of his ministers. After some little delay, Sir Allan succeeded in forming a coalition ministry, which adopted the address of their predecessors *in toto*, and thus committed themselves to passing the two important measures alluded to in it, in exactly the same sense as their opponents intended to do — a sense which they had always resisted. Meantime the Reciprocity Treaty also passed unanimously, and the governor-general went down in state to give it the royal assent.

We immediately afterwards started on a tour through Upper Canada, which was a triumphal progress throughout — the people, many of whom until lately had been his Excellency's bitterest opponents, turning out *en masse* to do him honor; while at sundry banquets, and on other numerous occasions when he was called upon to speak, he explained to the people the advantages of the treaty he had secured for them. In fact, a reaction of popularity had set in; and the defeat of the previous administration, which at first seemed an untoward circumstance to have occurred so near the close of his government, proved the most fortunate event for Lord Elgin's own reputation, for it gave unanswerable evidence to the constitutionality of his conduct, which had always been impugned. I cannot do better than quote his own words on this subject: —

I have brought into office the gentlemen who made themselves for years most conspicuous and obnoxious for personal hostility to myself, thus giving the most complete negative to the allegation that I am swayed by personal motives in the selection of my advisers; and these gentlemen have accepted office on the understanding that they will carry out in all particulars the policy which I sketched out while my former Administration was in office, thus proving that the policy in question is the only one suited to the country — the only one which an Administration can adopt. I do not see how the blindest can fail to draw this inference from these facts. The first thing which my new Administration have had to do is to adopt and carry through the House the address responsive to my speech from the Throne. This is, certainly for me, and I hope for the country, the most fortunate wind-up of my connection with Canada which could have been imagined.*

* Extracts from the Letters of James, Earl of Elgin, to Mary Louisa, Countess of Elgin, 1847-1862. Privately printed.

It was indeed a fortunate wind-up, and we determined to celebrate it as such. For the last three months of our residence at Quebec we lived in a perfect whirl of gaiety. Balls, dinner and garden parties, and picnics, were the order of the day. Society took the cue from Government House, and I found, under the temptation of more congenial pursuits, my Parliamentary attendance getting slack. The delights of a Canadian winter, with its sleighing and tobogganing parties, have become proverbial. Unfortunately we only enjoyed one month of them, as Sir Edmund Head, Lord Elgin's successor, had arrived, and we merely remained a few weeks to facilitate the transfer of the government. Sir Edmund was so kind as to urge me to remain with him in the office I was now filling; but a promise which Lord Clarendon had previously made to find me employment in the East, where the stirring nature of the events which were transpiring offered the strongest attraction, induced me to decline this offer and to return to England with Lord Elgin, and Lord Bury became my successor in Canada. When I left home I had not expected to be absent above eight weeks, but the same number of months world now nearly have elapsed before our return to British soil. It was nevertheless with a heavy heart that on a bitter morning towards the end of December, with the thermometer 26° below zero, I left Quebec; the streets were for the last time lined with troops as we drove down to our place of embarkation, and the greater part of the society was collected on the bank of the St. Lawrence, as, after taking an affectionate farewell of the friends with whom I had formed ties of warmer friendship than is usual after so short a residence, we stretched ourselves at the bottom of the bark canoes in which we were to be ferried across the broad bosom of the river, at this time encumbered with huge ice-floes and enshrouded in a dense fog. The traject is not without danger, and is exciting in proportion. Our muscular boatmen paddle us rapidly across the narrow lanes of swift open water, haul us up on the ragged floes, and running on the ice by the side of the canoes, rush us rapidly across them, to plunge us into the river again on the other side, until, after more than an hour's battling with the ice, we find ourselves safely hauled up under the bank at Point Levi. A few days afterwards I watched the outline of the American continent fading on the horizon, and little imagined

as I did so that this was only the second of twenty-two passages I was destined to make across the Atlantic in the course of the ensuing seven-and-twenty years.

From The Spectator.
ORCHARDS.

THE orchards of England are surely amongst the fairest bits of nature still left to us. Let it be premised that by this name we do not suggest a prosperous, well-pruned, highly cultivated piece of land, its monotonous rows of decorous apple-trees allowing an undergrowth of gooseberry-bushes. No doubt plenty of good fruit can be obtained from such an enclosure; at certain seasons of the year these cannot fail to be beautiful; but charm, fascination, must be sought elsewhere. The orchard of which we are thinking is old, but not too old; it is full of variety, yet not forlorn or neglected. The croft is, of course, close to a gabled farmhouse, with its picturesque grouping of barns and sheds and stacks; the ground slopes upwards from the house, and around the orchard are sheltering elms, — for fruit-trees, as well as flowers, dread nothing so much as keen, blighting winds. The trees, mostly apple-trees, are scattered about on the soft grass in charming confusion, here in vigorous youth or full maturity, there in gnarled old age, bent and mossy, but always picturesque. Pears and damsons and cherries grow also in our orchard, nor is there wanting a venerable mulberry-tree, or that most majestic of fruit-bearers, the walnut. At no season is the orchard deficient in interest. In winter, in the west country, the mistletoe makes the ancient apple-trees still green and cheerful, for the mistletoe has forsaken the oak, and has transferred its affections to the apple and poplar. But February has come, and the orchard draws us with irresistible power. There under the old trees, amongst the moist grass, spring the snowdrops, — gentle, pure prophets of the beauty that is coming. A few weeks later, and in many parts of England the daffodils are sure to follow; and they have scarcely faded, when on some morning, as we throw open the window, we feel that the air has changed, — that, for a time at any rate, the stern thralldom of the east wind has been broken, and we understand that delicious bit of homesick longing, —

Oh! to be in England now that April's there!

When Robert Browning's emigrant uttered those words, surely he was thinking of an English farmstead nestled amidst its orchards. On this April day we see against the tender blue of the sky a dome of snowy blossom; it is the old pear-tree that has once more put on its court dress for the spring festival. And what madrigals the thrushes and blackbirds are singing! The birds rejoice in the orchard as much as ourselves; they have their chosen hereditary country-seats. In that great pearmain, with its deep holes, telling where branches once grew, the starlings have built year after year, and now their interminable chatter mingles with the general chorus. In those smaller crannies of the Keswick codling, the little titmouse weaves her snug house, and a few weeks later we shall watch the gay little pair frisking in and out with indefatigable energy to supply the needs of the soft, tiny blue caps packed closely far within the hollow bough. The brown wren also loves the orchard, and so does that shy recluse, the little tree-creeper. But April glides into May, bringing the perfection of the orchard's witchery. We stand beneath the trees, and wonder whether in creation there is anything more lovely than these branches. The clusters of blossom and bud, the grace of the half-unfolded leaves, the rich green of the young grass beneath, the blue of the May sky above,—what a wealth of beauty lies in these simple things! But there is a corner of the orchard which has its peculiar charm; the clear pond claims as its own the old quince-tree, the wild crabs, and the blackthorns; and truly the quince-blossoms, with their tints delicate as those of a shell, and their gray-green leaves, with the silvery silken lining, are a study in themselves. Summer is not the most attractive of the seasons so far as the orchard is concerned, albeit many of us can recall the delights of a seat amidst the boughs of some old, bending apple-tree, in which the adventures of Robinson and Friday unrolled themselves before the childish eyes, eagerly bent on the pages of the little brown book. But towards the close of summer, the orchard becomes a favorite haut, as early crimson-streaked apples, with names so quaint that they suggest histories, begin to ripen, dropping on the grass on dewy August mornings. Then comes the glory of the orchard's year as September and October bring round the time of the fruit harvest. To enjoy these strolls under the laden boughs, there should, however, be educa-

tion sufficient to guide the saunterer, and there is a rare pleasure in watching year after year how our old friends are prospering. A cruel frost late in the spring may often deprive us of fruit from some cherished tree for years together; then comes a genial season, and we see our favorite once more bending beneath its rosy burden. What interest attaches to fruit-names, and how curiously varied are the designations by which the same apple is known in different parts of England! We cling to the apples of our forefathers, just because they connect us with bygone generations; and it is melancholy to see them ruthlessly banished from modern orchards as old-fashioned and worn-out. Many of the new varieties have their undisputed excellences, but let us also preserve the best of the old apples. The Ribston pippin is becoming extinct. Is it possible to prevent the disappearance of such a justly valued favorite? And why do we allow the small round damson to die out? An English apple harvest before the days of telegraphs and telephones comes before our memory as we write. It is a crisp autumn day, early in October. The orchard has been for many hours the scene of picturesque labor, and now the mellow afternoon sunshine is falling on the old, brown-jacketed laborer, who stands on the ladder filling his wallet with the more sober apples reserved for winter stores. Below stands the great basket, already half full, while the grass beneath the trees is strewed with disregarded fruit. Around, in the orchard, frolic the children, for this season is a time of unalloyed joy in their estimation. The rooks are preparing for their evening flight, and the clear air resounds with their sonorous voices. The sunlight falls on the water of the pond, into which the quinces and the yellow crabs have fallen; and thither come the children to fish them out with shouts of glee, and to take note of the harvest of sloes on the blackthorn bushes. From the boughs of the pear-tree comes the robin's autumn song, and "in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn," while over everything broods the restful peace of the year's closing toil.

From *The Economist*.

THE EGYPTIAN PETROLEUM WELLS.

THE following is the official report of Mr. J. Jones, C.E. (of Messrs. Beaumont and Jones), to the Egyptian government

in regard to the recent discoveries of petroleum on the shores of the Red Sea: "Acting under the written instructions which I received in London, I have visited, at the request of the Egyptian government, Jemsah Jebel Zeit and the neighborhood. In company with Mr. Mitchell, the Egyptian government geologist, I examined the entire line of country from Jebel Zeit to the foot of the Jebel Isa range opposite the island of Shadwan on the Red Sea side. I further passed over the desert, through the metamorphic range, and examined the run and character of the rock to the west of it, and am of the opinion that the two sides are one and the same range of formation, parted only by the presence of the older rocks. From Jebel Zeit to the end of the Jebel Esh range there is a run of pretty uniform ground, say, forty miles long by five to twelve miles in width, all of which strata bears equally good indications of surface oil. While, however, the existence of surface oil is proved beyond a doubt, I would remark that that fact is one the value of which may be very easily exaggerated. The existence of surface oil may or may not be an indication of the existence of quantities of oil at a lower strata — the chances are about equal — but the quantity of surface oil is no indication as to the quantity of well oil. While the experience of Baku tends to show that wherever there is surface oil well oil is sure to be struck within eight hundred and twenty feet, the result of American borings has been very different, and the remark that 'the Pennsylvanian fields have absorbed more dollars than they have delivered' is probably correct. Two borings may be made within a few yards of each other, the one may produce nothing, the other four thousand barrels a day, and the supply may cease in a few months. On May 1, 1865, Pithole, in Pennsylvania, was a collection of huts in a forest, three months later it was a town of sixteen thousand souls, by January 1, 1866, it was again deserted. I mention these instances because I think it my duty to inform you that in strict language the discovery of petroleum on the Red Sea has not yet been made. Surface oil has been found, has probably been known from time immemorial, and there is very good ground for supposing that petroleum exists, but at what depth, in what quantity, and of what quality, it is quite impossible to say. The discovery of the surface oil, which it was perfectly certain must exist, appears to have led the government into expenses

connected with tanking, etc., which I venture to think were injudicious and unnecessary. I feel convinced — and Mr. Mitchell (the government geologist), together with others there, shares my conviction — that the surface oil in the place where struck is exhausted. M. Debay states that he has checked the supply. I venture to say that the supply has exhausted itself, and I base this opinion, *inter alia*, upon the simple fact that he is boring through the identical shaft where he found petroleum. Now, if petroleum still existed there in the spot at which it forced itself forty mètres, it is physically impossible that the mere placing of lining tubes should obstruct its flow while boring is going on in the same shaft. Unless it is superior to ordinary hydrostatic laws, it would follow the boring and then rise to the surface. Undoubtedly more surface oil may be found in other spots, but probably to no greater extent than that already extracted. Surface oil itself is not likely to be in sufficient quantity to pay the cost of extraction. Its value is an indication of the existence of further supplies lower down, and that, as I have said, is of very uncertain value. I am of opinion that there is very reasonable ground for supposing the existence of petroleum, and, so far as I am able to judge, I am inclined to believe that it will be found at a very low depth, probably not less than the Baku strata of eight hundred and twenty feet. I am further of opinion that the indications are sufficiently favorable to justify the preliminary expense of borings, but they will always be of a speculative character, and I would venture to suggest that they should be made in several places, until a *bona fide* strata is reached, that they should then be plugged, and from the number of successful soundings made it will then be possible for the government to judge as to the advisability of working, in which case, but not till then, reservoirs, means of transport, and refineries will become necessary. The diamond-boring apparatus, in which I am personally interested, would, though expensive, in my opinion, place the question so rapidly beyond doubt that it would prove cheapest in the end. An expenditure of 6,000/- to 10,000/- in six months would be necessary. It might be perfectly fruitless. It might indicate the source of enormous wealth. A lesser amount spread over a longer period might suffice with hand boring, but I feel convinced it would not be equally satisfactory."



